

PEARSON'S

£2,000
Free Insurance

WEEKLY

In the issue of this paper published next Friday, an announcement will be made which will astound the whole country. No enterprise on so colossal a scale has ever before been attempted by any paper in the world.

No. 849.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 18, 1906.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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AND NOTHING BUT THE **BEST!!!**

That is what People get when they ask for

HOLBROOK'S

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YOUR MEDICAL MAN RECOMMENDS IT.

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KOKO contains no grease, dye, or injurious substances of any kind. It is a clear liquid, pleasantly perfumed.

The test of the merit of any preparation is the hold it has on the public favour. KOKO has been for twenty years, and still is, the favourite hair-dressing and restorative—once tried it is always used.

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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 848.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK FATES.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 18, 1906.

RETURNED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

GET YOUR COALS IN.

We are going to have an unusually early and severe winter.

So, at all events, say the weather wiseacres, basing their prognostications on the unusually early arrival this season in Britain of the northern migratory birds. And it must be admitted that there are plenty of precedents for believing in the accuracy of such a forecast made on such a basis.

For example, the last really severe British winter—that of 1895—was heralded after this fashion, the redstarts, blue-throated warblers, and other Arctic birds appearing in flocks (as they are now doing) weeks ahead of their proper time.

The terribly severe winter of 1831, again, was heralded by the appearance of flocks of gulls in the Thames, an annual occurrence now, but then an altogether unheard of thing. In 1855 great quantities of wild geese passed over England a month in advance of the ordinary date of their arrival, and the following winter was one of the most severe and prolonged on record, very cold weather continuing right up till the end of June. During this autumn, it will be remembered, large numbers of these same birds were observed flying south as early as September 18th.

Finally, there was the "great frost" of 1683-4, during the autumn preceding which the swifts and the swallows left England many days in advance of their usual time (they did precisely the same thing this autumn); and "strange white fowls" appeared in diverse parts of England "seeking shelter in the houses."

This was the winter during which the Thames was frozen from December until February, so that a fair was held upon the ice, and more than forty coaches plied up and down the river daily, as though it were dry land.

HUSBAND: "I have just had my portrait taken. What do you think of it?"

Wife: "Beautiful, dear. I wish you would look like it sometimes."

Miss BULLION: "Papa says we can't be married until you are able to support me."

Adorer: "Great Scott! Does he want his only daughter to die an old maid?"

"CAN I sell you a box of painless corn-cure, ma'am?" asked the pedlar, on the lady of the house opening the door.

"No, you can't!" was the reply. "I have no painless corns!"

MEN MEMORISED BY MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT McKINLEY, in Alaska, the loftiest peak on the North American Continent, which has just been climbed by Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, is named after the unfortunate president who was shot by the anarchist Czolgosz at Buffalo in 1901.

The highest peak in the world, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is so called after Sir George Everest. He never set foot on the mountain, or its approaches, but was the first to prove by means of his surveying instruments that it exceeded all other measured peaks in altitude. It is 29,002 feet high. The next highest in the world is Mount Godwin-Austen, 28,265 feet, also in the Himalayas, and named after Mr. Henry Haversham Godwin-Austen, scientist and surveyor.

Because Mr. Llewellyn Longstaff gave £30,000 to the last Antarctic expedition, Captain Scott, its commander, gave the name of Mount Longstaff to a lofty mountain that rises nearer the South Pole than any other known land. In the same region are Mount Alfred Hadow, the Markham Mountains, and Mount Evans, the latter christened after the brave and burly seaman who accompanied Captain Scott on his memorable journey into the interior of the Antarctic Continent.

Pike's Peak, perhaps the best-known mountain in the United States of America (the "Mont Blanc of the New World"), commemorates the enterprise and dash of a certain Lieutenant Pike, of the U.S. Army, who, with a handful of followers, fought his way across the great plains, and discovered it.

In Australia are Central Mount Stuart, named after the first man who crossed the island continent from sea to sea and returned alive to tell the tale; and Mount Leichhardt, which commemorates that terrible and mysterious tragedy of exploration, the total disappearance in the deserts of the interior of Dr. Leichhardt's expedition.

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POOR DONKEY.

At a certain railway station in the North of Ireland a farmer was waiting for the train, with a donkey he had purchased.

On the arrival of the train at the station, the farmer asked the guard where he would put the donkey.

The guard, who was in a hurry, replied: "Put it behind," meaning to put it into a horse-van.

Pat tied the donkey to a buffer, and then got into the carriage himself.

As the train was flying along at express speed, Pat, turning to a companion, said: "By goosh, boy, Neddy's footing it now!"

DYKE: "As the boat left the dock I waved my handkerchief, and then a most curious thing happened."

Forney: "What was it?"

Dyke: "The ocean waved back."

BILKINS (suffering from a heavy cold): "I met forty-five different acquaintances this morning, and just forty-four of them told me of some cure for a cold."

Wife: "Didn't the forty-fifth offer any advice?"

Bilkins: "No; he had a cold himself."

OLD Gentleman (on top of the 'bus): "My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of them in the savings bank?"

'Bus Driver: "No, sir; after paying the grocer, butcher, and the rent, I pack away what's left in barrels; I don't believe in savings banks."

Next week I shall have an announcement to make which will astound every reader of this paper. I do not make this assertion as an idle boast. My old readers who have followed the career of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" from its early days are by this time pretty well used to startling surprises in connection with the magnitude of its enterprises. But this time I think they will be absolutely flabbergasted. Can you think what it is?

Edw. Editor

TOM: "Are you deaf to my pleadings?"

Eva: "I am."

TOM: "But what if I were to offer you a diamond ring?"

Eva: "Oh, I am not stone deaf."

BILLINGS: "Does young Weller display any artistic ability; can he draw anything?"

Beilings: "Yes, there is one subject he draws in artistic style."

Billings: "What's that?"

Beilings: "A cork!"

THE other day a benevolent old gentleman was stopped by a tramp who asked for money to get a night's lodging.

"Well, look here, my man," the old gentleman said, "what would you say if I offered you work?"

"Bless yer life, sir," came the reply, "I wouldn't mind a bit. I can take a joke same as most people!"

MADE A QUICK START.

It was an amateur dramatic performance, and the audience was bearing up bravely; but towards the end the fortitude of the gathering was broken down.

It happened when Mr. Smithson, the grocer's young man, who was playing the hero, rushed on and embraced Miss Mathews, the heroine. Mr. Smithson had not yet attained the dignity of a moustache, and had to wear a false one, which suited him nobbly, as he himself expressed it.

"My darling," he said, imprinting a chaste salute on the fair girl's lips; "now that all has ended happily, we will be married and joyful for ever. Through life we will pull together, and share and share alike."

Then it was that the audience laughed, and when Smithson saw Miss Mathews he understood why.

He had been a little over anxious to commence "sharing," for he had left half the false moustache on the fair heroine's upper lip.

WHAT IKONS REALLY ARE.

MANY people doubtless have wondered at the word "ikon," which has occurred so frequently recently in telegrams from Russia.

Most of the papers, when they condescend to translate the term, refer to it as "sacred picture." But this is only half the truth.

The ikon is painted, it is true, but it is also stamped out in metal bas-relief, or carved in wood, silver, or gold. Always, it represents some saint. And, of course, it is very holy. That is why they hanged three peasants at Windau the other day on the mere suspicion of having mutilated one.

Whole villages in the Vladimir province are engaged in manufacturing these ikons, for which there is an enormous demand, as every Russian household possesses at least one; and most, several.

The cheapest ikons are sold at a shilling the hundred; but the price ranges upward to many hundreds, or even thousands, of pounds apiece. These latter expensive ones are of gold, elaborately chased, and studded with precious stones.

Some of the more famous ikons, preserved in the great cathedrals of St. Petersburg, Moscow, etc., are practically priceless, the jewels alone with which they are bedecked being not infrequently worth from £30,000 to £80,000. Others are deemed so sacred, that they are only exposed to the vulgar gaze once in three, four, or five years.

Every Russian regiment, too, has its ikon, serving, in war, much the same purpose as did formerly the colours of a British corps, or the eagles of a French battalion. Men, that is to say, follow them in victory, when victory it is, or rally round them in defeat, and show there and then that they know how to die.

WAITER: "How did you order your beef, sir?"

Gruffleigh: "Personally, bother you! I suppose I ought to have ordered it by post two weeks in advance."

"MAGGIE, our gas bill has gone up outrageously this month; you must be dreadfully extravagant."

Maggie: "Sure, an' I'm that careful and economical, mum, that I never turns off them burners all the way, for the sake o' savin' the matches."

OLD LADY (at the railway station, to man in uniform): "What time does the next train go to London?"

Man: "I don't know, ma'am."

Old Lady: "Then you ought to."

Man: "I am not a railway porter, ma'am."

Old Lady: "Then what are you?"

Man: "Only a naval officer."

MARKETS AS WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THE approaching sale of Portman Market, London, serves to emphasise the curious fact that these structures, usually built from the best of motives, turn out, more often than not, ghastly failures.

The one above instanced, for example, has been practically unused ever since it was first erected, while the costers, for whose benefit it was designed, have continued to drive a thriving trade from barrows pitched in the neighbouring streets and alleys.

An almost precisely similar experience happened in regard to Randall's Market, designed to supersede the one that has been held during these fifty or sixty years past in Crisp Street, Poplar, while long prior to that disastrous experiment in municipal mismanagement, Hungerford Market, which was situated where Charing Cross Railway Station now stands, failed after a like fashion to attract either stall-holders or customers.

The most glaring example, however, of the futility of attempting to divert this kind of trade into new channels is afforded by the sad fate of the much-trumpeted Columbia Market, Bethnal Green, which was erected by Lady Burdett-Coutts at a cost of £200,000. As she could do nothing with it, she gave it to the Corporation of London, who in return presented her with the freedom of the City.

But the councillors and aldermen did worse with it than even the Baroness had done, and, after three years' continuous trouble and loss, the building was restored to the donor. Three of the great railway companies next combined to take it over, but with no better success; and in the end, after having been in turn a co-operative store, a glorified fried-fish shop, and a depot for warehousing potatoes, it was converted into a block of model dwellings.

Put these tickets SMITH'S WEEKLY has given you in your purse. A single one may fill it with gold.



By E. WYAND.

communication from the Hyacinth City Limited to the effect that a neat little cottage was to be let at the very moderate rental of \$40 a year.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" screamed Mrs. Santer, with a little crow of delight. "You must run down to Quagfield at once and make arrangements."

"But, my dear," demurred her husband, "that is quite impossible, as you know. I cannot neglect the office for my own private business."

"Oh! but, Reginald," burst in his impetuous better half, "surely when Mr. Seaforth knows why you absented yourself—"

Reginald shook his head gloomily. "You do not know Mr. Seaforth," he said. "But there, cheer up—I will write to the secretary of the Hyacinth City at once, and, as to-morrow is Saturday, we can run down together in the afternoon and have a look over the place. How will that do?"

Clara—that was Mrs. Santer's name—declared herself more than satisfied at the proposed arrangement; and, to cut the preliminaries short, it may be said at once that they went down together, inspected the cottage, and signed the necessary agreement.

It was a charming little edifice, containing two sitting-rooms, three bedrooms, and combined kitchen and scullery—all highly condensed, and beyond a doubt very snug and compact; just the place, in fact, that they had so long been in search of. The end of the month found them installed in the new house, accompanied by the trim maid they had brought with them from town, and, as the summer had barely commenced, they both of them looked forward to many months of enjoyable country life.

"The winter is, of course, always a bit dull away from town," Reginald had said, "but, lor' bless you, it won't be like living in a country village. There are always heaps of ways of passing one's time in a garden city—library, social evenings, baths, and other things."

And Clara, in her blind wifely trust and devotion, had eagerly drunk in his words, and rather looked forward to the winter than otherwise.

Within a very few days the house was in complete order back and front, with smart blinds and curtains fitted at all the windows, and the tiny forecourt turfed and laid out with little beds, in which were planted divers pots of flowers. The Santers had been recommended to adopt this course, as on the approach of winter the pots could be removed bodily indoors—to remain there until spring once more came upon them, when they would be taken outside and replanted.

Reginald had gone to business by an early train. It was certainly a bit awkward, but there was no help for it, for he had to be at the office by nine o'clock, and there was no train which reached London between the hours of seven forty-five and nine twenty. He had in consequence to cool his heels at the terminus every morning for the space of nearly one hour and a quarter, while, his day's work done, he had to repeat the same process for a trifle longer.

"It certainly does detract a little from the pleasures of a country life," he had confessed to a fellow-clerk; "but it is one of those little drawbacks which one finds wherever one goes."

"But at Dalston," hazarded his friend—and Reginald hid cut him short with a sneer.

"Dalston—surely you don't call it living to reside at Dalston? Train every five minutes! Why, I wouldn't live there if there was a continuous train running the whole day through. Dalston, indeed!"

Well, Reginald had gone to business, and his wife sat idly at the window of the front sitting-room, her gaze concentrated upon a bare patch of "ripe" building land which faced their house. No one was in sight, and she leant back with a half-smothered yawn at the desolation of it all.

Suddenly she rose from her chair, with a flush of excitement deepening the delicate tint of her face.

"Why," she cried, "if there isn't a man! And—never—surely—why, if he isn't coming here. Whatever can he want?"

The maid entered, bearing a card in her fingers.

"Show him in, Jane. Now, what can he want, calling at this hour?"

The resident estate agent bowed courteously as he came into the room.

"I am sure you will excuse my calling at this unearthly hour," he said, "but my business is of extreme importance. We—"

He fumbled nervously with a bundle of papers he carried in one hand, seemingly at a loss how to continue.

"You see," he said at last, "we—ahem—on this estate—"

"Yes," she said coldly.

"On this estate," he pursued recklessly, "we have certain rules and regulations with which we expect tenants to comply. Now, I have noticed—ahem—that your bedroom window-curtains are of cream butter-muslin. You will, of course, understand that I speak merely as a representative of the company. Personally, I have not the least objection to—er—butter-muslin for the purpose of curtains; in fact, I really—ahem—I am sure you will excuse me—but really, to

tell the plain truth, I rather like it. When we lived here—that is, Mrs. Wicks and myself—"

"Really, Mr.—"

"Wicks," he interpolated; "Henry Wicks."

"Well, really, Mr. Wicks, I have no interest in your family affairs, and, as my time is short, I shall be glad if you will confine yourself to the direct object of your visit."

Not in the least abashed, and still preserving his attitude of humiliation and facial impassivity, he proceeded:

"Well, the fact is, to come to the point at once—and really it is the best way, after all—the fact is that in this street the tenants are all expected to use no other material than—ahem—he coughed apologetically, as though the expression was hardly a correct one to use in the presence of a lady—"no other material than—ahem—brise-bise."

He stopped, as though expecting some reply from her, but she merely gave a little nod, and he had no course left him but to pursue his speech.

"Then there is the question of blinds. I notice that you have utilised a very excellent material, but not one, unhappily, that commends itself to the directorate. You see, in this street—I am not speaking of the others on the estate—lace-trimmed holland blinds are strictly enforced. You have"—he glanced upward deprecatingly—"you have fixed what I believe are known as art blinds."

"Anything more?" she queried wearily. "You had better let me know everything at once, and I will then consult my husband on the matter when he returns."

"Well, yes; there are certain other little items. One of the beds in your garden is, I have noticed, adorned with geraniums. Now, in this street bright reds are sternly discouraged. Blues, violets, purples, delicate pinks—these are the varieties decided upon by the company as suitable for harmonising with the paint-work of the building. In Riddigore Avenue, now—"

She waved his explanation aside.

"We are not in Riddigore Avenue," she said.

"You are right, madam, and I am glad to have the opportunity of dealing with a lady who is so extremely business-like. One little matter yet I am forced to refer to."

"Yes."

"I have remarked in passing this house that you have a small table in the front window. Do not mistake me," he added hastily, "we have no objection to small tables in the windows."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," she murmured.

"But what we do object to," he continued with emphasis, just the suspicion of a frown upon his brow, "is to pipes laid out upon those tables in full view of the passers-by. I am sure you will have no objection to meeting my company on this small point."

"I will consult my husband," she repeated, "and if there is nothing else at present—"

He gave a rapid glance at his notes.

"No, nothing more," he replied. "I am sorry—"

"There is no need to apologise," she retorted coldly.

"You have your duty to perform. Good-day."

When he had gone, she threw herself upon the sofa in a very real passion of tears.

"The beasts!" she sobbed. "All our lovely curtains and blinds and geraniums; but I am sure Reginald will never, never consent—he could not be so weak or so horrid." Reginald did consent, however, for he found that under the conditions of the agreement he had signed (but which, as is the usual way, he had omitted to read through) he was compelled to abide by the rules and regulations of the company in every particular.

"It is of no use fighting them," he remarked gloomily, when the terrible story had been related to him in all its gloom and misery. "They have the whip-hand; and for one penny I could afford to spend they could throw away pounds. No; there is no way out of it that I can see."

So the very next day the windows were dismantled and the flower-beds partly dug up, to be replaced later by blinds, curtains, and plants of the required design and colour. The obnoxious pipes, too, were carefully kept off the occasional table standing in the bay of the window, and for some few days the Santers were at peace. But not for long.

"I am sorry," preambled the agent, on the occasion of his second visit, "but there is further cause for complaint."

Mrs. Santer looked daggers at him for a moment, then dropped her eyes in utter weariness of spirit and bade him proceed.

"On Sunday last your front-door was standing open the whole of the afternoon," he said, "and, according to the rules of the estate, doors are to be kept carefully closed on the Sabbath, allowing, of course, for their momentary opening for the purpose of ingress, egress, and—er—regress. Perhaps you will attend to this little matter in the future."

"Your husband," he continued, "arrived home from church on Sunday morning smoking a pipe"—she started violently; then subsided into grim apathy—"and your hat was trimmed in the colour which, as I have already told you, is forbidden in this street."

"But surely," she demurred, driven beyond endurance, "you cannot—"

"Hear me out, madam," he interrupted deprecatingly.

"Also on Monday evening you had a few friends who stayed late—all night, I judge, as they could not possibly have got a train back to town—and your piano was going after the prescribed hour of 10.30. Your maid—I regret having to be so insistent—fetched milk on the Tuesday morning. I presume—ahem—that you ran short, owing to—er—unexpected company; but, nevertheless, the regulations framed by my board forbid the purchase of milk in jugs. Bottles which can be sealed and carried in a neat basket or placed in the pocket are the only vessels countenanced, although we would—er—prefer that stray quantities of milk were not sent for at all. Such purchases tend—er—to lower the tone of a street."

There were more bickering and discontent that night; but the climax was reached upon the arrival of a "baby" a month or so later.

Mr. Santer was at home then, and interviewed the agent in person.

"It is a small matter, perhaps," said that worthy, "but

complaint has reached the office upon it, and I am therefore compelled to take notice of the breach of the company's regulations. As a—er—a family man myself—"

"Confound your apologies," interposed the husband hotly, "and come to the point."

"Well, the truth is," continued the agent, edging gently towards the door, "that we do not permit babies to cry after nine o'clock. We—"

He had no time to utter another word, for Mr. Santer had him by the nape of the neck, and the next moment saw him shot forcibly into the front garden, where, after describing a couple of parabolas, he sank gracefully into a bed of choice "blues, violets, purples, and delicate pinks."

He picked himself up, vowing vengeance; but within the next twenty-four hours the Santers had removed their goods into a warehouse, where they were stored pending the finding of another house, they meanwhile taking furnished rooms in town.

They have not courted the delights of a garden city again, preferring freedom of action and catholicity of taste to the cramped ideas and narrow notions which prevail in the Hyacinth City.

NOT AS EXPECTED.

It was a small school in Suffolk, and the village pedagogue was doing his best to elicit the meaning of the word "conscience" from his attentive, but somewhat dull-headed pupils.

"Now, boys," said the genial old master; "suppose one of you stole a piece of sugar from the basin and popped it in your mouth, and mother came in, what would happen?"

Small boy: "Get a lickin', sirr."

"Yes, I suppose so. But your face would become red, wouldn't it?"

Chorus: "Yes, sirr."

"And what is it that makes your face turn red?" queried the master, thinking he had gained his point.

But the small boy answered with a solemn look: "Tryin' to swallow the sugar quick, sirr."

"Yes," said a grim old lawyer who had been listening to the expansive remarks of a club acquaintance, "you ought to marry an intellectual woman."

"Do you really think so?" was the gratified rejoinder. "Why?"

"So that your children may stand a chance of possessing some brains!"

HOW THEY DIFFER.

MAN is a creature of cast-iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances. This is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilise anything, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a cork-screw absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors. If she does not succeed readily, she pushes the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for cutting corns.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple order—pen, paper, and ink must be just so; a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen, and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting-paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman re-reads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper-cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "good-bye" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior?

The Mysterious Millionaire.

The following telegram has been received from the Mysterious Millionaire:

"Have bought all the copies of 'Pearson's Weekly' I require at present. Will perhaps renew my pleasant work next Spring. Meanwhile, thank your readers for the exciting times they have given me during my visits to their towns."

MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE.

Whistling as an Art.

By Frank Lawton.

[Mr. Lawton is the greatest of living whistlers. He first leapt into fame—at least, so far as this country is concerned—when he came over with the original Belle of New York company, in which he figured as "Blinky Bill," a whistling pugilist. Since then Mr. Lawton has made England his home, delighting audiences all over the country with his most artistic and ever-melodious whistling.]

ALTHOUGH I have been a professional whistler for nearly twenty-five years, I have not yet quite recovered from my surprise at finding myself in the business.

I used to amuse myself and my schoolfellows by whistling to them, for from a very early age I could whistle any tune I heard played; but I never dreamed of whistling as a profession, until I went touring in the States with a magician.

One day I was trying over a hornpipe on the piano, and started whistling it to myself, when the necromancer, who was getting his "props" ready for the evening performance, called out to me: "Say, Frank, that's good. You must do it to-night." I protested; I told him that there was really nothing in it, that my whistling was just common or garden whistling, and I should certainly make a fool of myself if I attempted to whistle before an audience.

However, he insisted, and as it is not wise to quarrel with magicians, I went on that evening and whistled, fully expecting to be shot at, for we were in a pretty rough part of the country.

But, to my intense surprise and relief, the audience, instead of filling me with lead, almost deafened me with applause; and that is how I became a whistler.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TEACH WHISTLING.

I should say that if I have been asked once, I have been asked ten thousand times to tell people how to whistle. Indeed, but for the possession of a most inconvenient conscience, I could have made a lot of money as a teacher of whistling.

Without exaggeration, thousands of people have either come or written to me, asking to be taught to whistle.

Alas for my own interests! I have, as I hope, an honest man, been invariably compelled to return the same answer: "My dear sir or madam, if you can't whistle, I certainly can't teach you." And that is the absolute truth.

If you have no natural whistle in you, no human being can put it there. Whistling is a natural gift, dependent upon a certain formation of the mouth and the teeth, and whilst you can, and, in fact, must, if you wish to whistle for a living, develop it by unremitting practice, for otherwise you will whistle for a living in another sense, you cannot acquire it from any teacher.

I tell people this, but obviously they don't believe me; they think I don't want to give away the "secrets of the trade," and they say: "Well, but show me how you whistle." They might as well ask me to show them how I think.

I cannot, I repeat, tell you how to whistle. The most I can say is, that those who can't whistle, and, unfortunately for their friends, wish to, usually try to produce their excruciating notes by expiring their breath.

Personally—I do not say it is the only method, but it is mine—I get my best and strongest notes by precisely the opposite way, that is, by inspiring my breath.

WHY MOST WOMEN FAIL AS WHISTLERS.

But if there is any secret of success in whistling, it lies entirely in ability to keep on the key—in other words never to get out of tune—and that is a matter of a natural gift, supplemented as I have said by incessant practice.

There have been some notable women-whistlers; but, as a rule, women break down on the point of keeping on the key, probably because really high-class whistling involves a heavy strain upon the abdominal muscles. For example, even with all my practice, I cannot to this day whistle such a trying air as the waltz from *Il Bacio* without feeling the effects in the region indicated.

No, to dismiss this part of the subject, nobody can teach to whistle, and anyone who professes to do so is, as we say in America, "biting off more than he can chew."

But of whistling as both a healthy and profitable calling, for those who possess the necessary aptitude, I can speak with knowledge and enthusiasm. Whistling is splendid for the health, and unlike many if not the majority of physical exercises, your friends can derive as much pleasure from it as you do yourself.

Given the necessary natural ability, I say, whistle all you can, even if you be a millionaire; it will expand your chest, preserve your lungs, and in every way do you good.

Then, from the business point of view, whistling is a very profitable occupation. A good whistler can always

command a good salary, for good whistlers do not pipe from every bush, and the whistler carries his fortune in his mouth.

Unlike the juggler, the conjuror, or the acrobat, he has no expensive apparatus to provide, and unlike the actor or the singer, a cold has no terrors for him. He can whistle as well with a cold as without one, and the only minor ailment he need fear is chapped lips, which are easily guarded against by the use of lanoline or vaseline.

Yes, beyond doubt, whistling as a career has many advantages over other perhaps more highly-rated callings.

To conclude with a couple of stories. I have often been accused of carrying some instrument in my mouth; an absurd idea, for no mechanical contrivance can equal or much less beat a human whistle.

On one occasion, when I was touring in Australia, two men came up to me as I was returning to my hotel after a performance, and asked me whether I would settle a wager for them. I asked what the wager was, and one of them replied that he was certain I carried something in my mouth, and had bet his friend that I did—would I oblige by there and then whistling one of the tunes I had whistled at the theatre.

It seemed pretty cool to me to accuse a man of being a fraud and to ask him to oblige you in one and the same breath; but cheerfully reflecting that Mr. "Doubting Thomas" would lose his money, I whistled, and had the satisfaction of seeing him pay up.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM A COSTER.

But an incident that amused me far more happened in London, when I was playing in the *Belle of New York*.

One night, walking home from the Shaftesbury Theatre, a genuine "coster" sidled up to me, and in hoarse tones said: "Ullo, Blinky!" "Hullo," I said. "Yer don't mind me a-speakin' to yer, does yer, Blinky?" he went on. I assured him that I was delighted to make his acquaintance, and inquired in what way I could serve him, at the same time putting my hand in my pocket, as I felt sure he was going to ask for the price of a drink.

"No, no," he said hastily and earnestly. "I don't want none of yer money, Blinky. I seed yer at the theatre to-night, an' blimey yer was fine. I jest wanted to tell my mates as 'ow I'd spoken to yer, and maybe shaken 'ands with yer!" This last doubtfully, and I promptly shook hands with him.

"An', lor', Blinky," he continued, "yer does know 'ow to use yer 'dukes,' don't yer?"

I hastened to assure him that my knowledge of boxing was indeed extremely limited; but he was obviously incredulous.

"Garn, Blinky," he said, "yer can't deceive me. I can tell by the way yer puts yer 'ands up. I knows. An' the fust time yer meets a bloke as says as 'ow yer can't fight, jest dot 'im one in the peepers from me," and with that he shook hands once more and walked off.

I sincerely hope that I shall never be called upon to deliver my friend the coster's gift.

Frank Lawton

PREPARING FOR BREAKFAST.

A COMMERCIAL traveller, putting up for the night at an hotel in a small town, ordered breakfast for an early hour next morning. The landlady, preparing the meal, not wishing her guest to be late, sent a servant girl upstairs to see if the gentleman was up.

Peering through the keyhole, the servant, a raw country girl, espied the commercial at the dressing-table, using his tooth-brush. Coming downstairs she surprised her mistress by reporting:

"It's all right, mum; he'll be down directly—he's sharpening his teeth!"

£10 For an Article.

In order to encourage those who have done very little professional article writing, we shall be pleased to give a prize of £10 to the person who sends us before the closing date what we consider to be the best article, not exceeding a thousand words in length. The subject is left to the writer.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, and, of course, one side of the paper only should be used. Each competitor may send us as many attempts as he or she likes.

The editor has the right to use any of the manuscripts, for which payment will be made.

All manuscripts considered unsuitable for publication will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The closing date is Tuesday, October 23rd.

Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Ten Pounds" in the top left-hand corner.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

By W. L. ALDEN.

It is the expressed opinion of many timid and dissatisfied souls, that this country is going to the dogs. Neither the precise species of dogs nor the exact quantity of them is specified; but that the British Empire is rapidly going to a good many different kinds of dogs, is a conclusion to which every credulous person must come, who listens to the despairing prophecies of discontented old gentlemen.

Since we are told that we are going to the dogs, let us examine the character of the dogs, and inquire what would be the result were we really to go to them. It is far better to know and to be prepared for the worst that can possibly happen, than it is to go forward in foolhardy confidence until the crisis is at hand, and we are compelled to face it without preparation, and hampered by the demoralisation produced by a terrible surprise.

It may be possible that the dogs are already aware that the country is coming into their paws, and that they are qualifying themselves for the vast responsibilities which are to be thrust upon them. At any rate, they have recently given new evidences of their wonderful intellectual powers, and nobility of soul.

The other day a Chicago dog, who had been left at home in sole charge of a number of children, whose parents had just stepped out for a friendly divorce, noticed that the youngest child had contrived to set her dress on fire. Instantly that admirable dog threw the child down on the floor, tore off its garments, and saved its life, although in the effort he sustained burns that will probably disfigure his tail for life.

DOGS WE SHOULD BE PROUD TO GO TO.

Our readers have doubtless heard of the Maidenhead dog, who had won a brilliant reputation for dragging dozens of drowning people out of the river. Last week that excellent and discriminating dog saw a wandering book-agent struggling in the water, into which he had accidentally fallen. Instead of dragging the agent out, the dog turned a series of joyful somersaults on the bank, and then, fearing that the book-agent might succeed in struggling into shallow water, deliberately swam out to meet him, and held his head under until the good work was fully accomplished.

Then there is the story of a dog belonging to a Kentucky coloured preacher. Into his house the neighbours' hens were in the habit of breaking in the dead of night, in order to intimidate him, and to plant in the minds of the owners of the hens the unjust suspicion that the preacher had stolen them.

One day that intelligent dog determined to avert all suspicion from his master. The very next time a chicken broke down the preacher's front door, the dog seized the intruder, carried it to the back yard of the leading white clergyman, where he carefully pulled out all its feathers, and then carried the denuded corpse back to his master.

And then there is the seafaring dog belonging to a Newcastle collier, who, meeting an unhappy friend on the Tower Hill with a tin kettle tied to his tail, carefully took a turn with the string around a telegraph pole, made it fast with a running bowline, and then, taking his friend by the collar hauled away until the sudden unshipping of his tail set the insulted animal at liberty.

IF CANINES RULED THE HOUSE.

And, finally, brief reference should be made to the commercial ability of a terrier dog residing in Houndsditch, who, being extremely skilful in the capture of rats, was accustomed to retail them to the local cats at a fair price in current bones, and so thoroughly comprehended the spirit of trade that he was in the habit of offering attractive premiums in mice to the cat who should bring him the largest number of bones within a given period.

If Great Britain is really going to such intelligent dogs as these, what is there in the prospect that should fill us with alarm? Surely a House of Commons composed exclusively of dogs would make fewer tedious speeches—except when debating questions relating to the full moon—than would a House composed of our average Members of Parliament.

It may be objected that the dogs would legislate in their own interests; but it must be remembered that any legislation aimed at making bones abundant and cheap, would necessarily benefit mankind, by reducing the price of butchers' meat.

As to oppressive game laws, in relation to rats, they could be passed only by a Parliament with a large terrier majority, and it is very improbable that the terrier party would ever succeed in obtaining a majority without the aid of the pugs and the spaniels.

When we think of the dignified appearance which would be presented by a House of Commons composed chiefly of Newfoundland dogs and Great Danes, sitting gravely on their tails, and listening to a profound argument from a Birmingham dog in favour of protection to British bones, we can hardly deny that a human House, quarrelling over a question of education, would suffer by comparison.

Of course, in so large a body as the House, a number of curs and Spitz dogs would doubtless be found; but the good sense and patriotism of the setters, pointers, and collies would keep the disorderly element in subjection.

RATS AS GOLD MINES.

It is a common practice for the boys in some watch and jewellery factories to kill the rats which infest the buildings, and burn the bodies to obtain the gold. Many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time they become impregnated with gold. The rats eagerly devour these rags, and a few months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rat with a gold plating.

Twice a year the boys have a grand cremation. The rats are caught by the hundred and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives off all animal substances and leaves the gold in the shape of a little lump.

The amount of the precious metal obtained in this way is not large, but gives the ingenious youngsters plenty of pocket money. In some factories young Napoleons of finance buy up in advance the shares of their fellow workers in the rat colony.

The average age of brides in Great Britain at present is stated to be twenty-six, and of bridegrooms twenty-eight.

One man makes all the burglars' jemmies in London. The police know the man well, and are fully aware of his peculiar trade; but there is no law by which he can be arrested or stopped.

HOW TO CHECK A COUGH.

It is not usually supposed that any exercise of the will power can be made efficient in checking a cough or a sneeze, but a celebrated doctor says sneezing can be stopped by pressing on the nerve of the lips in the neighbourhood of the nose.

Coughing may be stopped by slight pressure in front of the ear. This will also stop hiccupping. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth is also a means of stopping coughing, and many say the will alone has immense power.

There are various other affections associated with breathing, which can be stopped by the same mechanism that stops the heart's action. In spasm of the glottis, which is a terrible thing in children, and also in whooping cough, it is possible to afford relief by throwing cold water on the feet, or by tickling the soles of the feet, which produces laughter, and at the same time arrests the spasm almost at once.

The population of England at the time of William the Conqueror did not exceed 2,000,000, all told.

The feet of some Australian rabbits show a gradual adaptation to a new mode of locomotion. The rabbits are becoming climbers, and often ascend trees in search for food; their feet, in consequence, are said to be growing sligher, and the claws longer and sharper.

SHELLS THAT TELL AGE.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that two millions would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover half-a-crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small. It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as that of horses by looking at their teeth.

Everyone who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shots," and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined.

Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one upon another, so that the shell grows bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen, of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than nine hundred years old. One to two million oysters are produced for a single parent, and their scarcity may be accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster-eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster, and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish through the hole thus made.

WANTED THE REEF BACK.

A new goldfield had been discovered in Western Australia, and, of course, samples of the quartz taken from the mine were dispatched to England.

These were so rich and full of gold that the inevitable company was formed and floated.

In fact, twice the number of shares could have been sold had they been for disposal, and it was in a happy state of anticipation that the London directors cabled to the manager in far Australia:

"Commence crushing at once."
But when he replied; "Can't until you send back the reef," they began to have a dim sort of suspicion that all was not precisely as it should be.

WHEN TWILIGHT REIGNED.

THERE was a dim light in the front parlour when he went in, but the one he loved more than life was standing there, and he caught her in his arms and printed a loving kiss on her.

"Dearest," he murmured, "I have come to tell you that I love you with all my heart and soul, and to ask you if you will marry me?"

"To be sure, I will, me hearty," came from the figure in his arms; "but, faith now, if I catch ye makin' eyes at Miss Rosa any more, sure I'll sue ye for breach of promise, I will."

He staggered back with an awful sinking at his heart, and as she turned up the light, he recognised Jane, the housemaid.

He turned and flew, but through the long, sleepless night he heard her voice crying loud hints after him as to the best place to buy furniture.

"Now," said Mr. Hazard, who was instructing her in the mysteries of golf, "you know what a 'tee' is. Well, let me explain now the duties of the 'caddy.' You see—"

"Of course," she interrupted, "the caddy's what you put tea in. I know what a tea-caddy is."

MISS MEADOWSWERT: "Excuse my ignorance; but ought I to call you Mr. Squills or Dr. Squills?"

The Doctor (frantically): "Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me an old idiot."

Miss Meadowsweet: "Ah! but those are only people who know you intimately."

SPOILING THE EFFECT.

THE great stage scene of the piece was a shipwreck, and after the vessel had gone down only the comic man and the heroine were to be seen tossing on a frail raft on the boundless ocean.

The comedy merchant had expected that his woebegone appearance would raise a laugh, but even he was astonished at the roar which went up when they saw him.

At last he was able to get a hearing.
"I wish," he said to the heroine, "that we could get out and walk home, but it's so jolly wet."

The audience was too exhausted to laugh any more, and the voice of the man in the gallery sounded painfully clear:

"If I was you," he said, "I should do it. There's a cat been hopping about on the waves for the last five minutes, and she don't seem to 'ave suffered much."

"But why have you broken your engagement?"

"Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose."

"Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow."

"Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassie when he was teaching me golf."

FIRST FARMER: "How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?"

Second Farmer: "What! They are regular take-ins! Last winter, when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss, and gave me a big bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what d'ye think it was? Nothing but hot water!"

AN UNAPPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

"Don't!" she cried. "Oh, please, don't! You remind me of the last year we spent in our dear old country home."

He broke off the song he had been singing and sat down by her side, to oblige away the tears she was shedding.

"My dear old country home," she continued sadly; "how well I remember it! You recollect that terribly bad harvest a few years ago. My father lost his money that year, and, strangely enough, my mother prophesied he would. She was a countrywoman, you know, and rather superstitious, and when the rooks flew round the house and cawed, and would not leave it, she foretold bad luck. Oh, my dear old country home!"

"Yes," he said gently; "but I don't see how my song should bring it back to you. It was a sea song, you know."

"Oh, it was those horrid rooks it reminded me of," she said.

And then he thought deeply.

ADVICE FROM THE OLD 'UN.

THE scene was the parlour of a snug little Yorkshire inn, and a young man, whose good looks somewhat outweighed his good sense, was boasting of his remarkable success with the sweet sex, which is more afraid of a mouse than of a six-foot man.

"Yes," he said complacently, "I know three little darlings who'd be only too pleased to have me if I asked 'em. But I'm not going to be in a hurry; I'm going to find out which of 'em got the most cash before I propose."

Then up spake a little white-haired collier:

"Ne'er ye marry for money, lad," he said solemnly. "Ah've done it, and ah know. When me and Betsy came back fro' t' church, forty years sin', we sat down and turned oor pockets aht, and there were half-a-crown in mine and four shillin' in 'ers. Not much 'tween us, wer theer? But, b'lieve me, lad, whiniver we've had a squabble sin', blow me if Betsy ain't allers ended by throwin' that extra eightpence in ma teeth."

SNAKE PILOTS.

THE rattlesnake has a pilot. The purpose of this pilot has never been satisfactorily explained, but it undoubtedly serves to protect him in some way. It is well known that the rattlesnake is a sluggish reptile, slow of movement and short-sighted.

He can strike only to the distance of his own length, and is not of the constrictor species, fighting with his fangs. He is not, therefore, dangerous, and can be easily whipped by a black snake, or any of the constrictor family. Even a dog can get the mastery over a rattlesnake without much danger of being injured.

The pilot appears like a rattlesnake, except that he has no rattle, and is somewhat darker in colour. He is also of much quicker movement, and when other reptiles or animals appear that possibly might prove dangerous to the rattler, the pilot, which is not so near-sighted as the rattlesnake, conducts the latter away to a place of safety.

Singularly, the pilot has received but scant attention, except among the native people of the district where it is found, and but little is known about him. The only species of rattlesnake having the pilot for a guide is that found in the mountains; the prairie rattler has to look out for himself.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

The art of paper-making has reached the point where it is possible to cut down a growing tree and convert it into paper suitable for printing purposes within the short space of 24 hours.

A STUDY IN MILEAGE.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085 making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use.

Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mille passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legions great stepping capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and half times as long as our mile.

The Dutch, the Danes, and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is six and a half times, and the Vienna post mile is four and a half times, the length of the English mile.

Every year more than 60,000 stamps are found loose in the letter-boxes of the United Kingdom.

If all the tobacco smoked in the British Empire in a year were rolled into an inch rope it would go round the Equator thirty times. In bricks it would make a pyramid equal to the third largest in Egypt.

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Countries which Prohibit Drugs.

And Others that Ban Strong Drink.

By prohibiting the sale of opium and the cultivation of the poppy within its borders, China may do much to check its great national vice of opium-smoking, but it will, at the same time, inflict a very severe blow upon cultivators of the pernicious flower.

China obtains nearly all its opium from India. In the neighbourhoods of Bengal and Bombay over 1,000,000 acres are devoted to the cultivation of the poppy, which brings in a net revenue of £4,000,000 and more from sales to China, as well as a further million sterling from sales in India itself.

The new prohibition will, therefore, affect over 1,000,000 poppy-growers, besides depriving the Indian Government of a large slice of revenue. It has been calculated that since the opium traffic started with China some sixty years back, upwards of £26,000,000 have passed into the Indian Treasury.

On several occasions the Chinese Government have tried to strangle the opium traffic. Once they went to war with ourselves concerning it, and during the five years that hostilities were pending, not an ounce of the drug was imported into the country through legitimate channels. Small, swift vessels, known as "opium clippers," however, successfully smuggled pounds of the stuff ashore, and made large fortunes for the daring adventurers that owned them.

Until the passing of the recent edict, the importation of opium was only permitted under most stringent restrictions. All pills and potions, for instance, were strictly tabooed for fear that they should contain the drug. The vendor of patent pills will now have a more hopeless chance than ever of getting his products into the country.

China's detestation of opium is shared by Australia. The Commonwealth Government has prohibited its importation save only for medicinal purposes, and all the different states have fallen into line on the question, though it means a loss of revenue in every case. Queensland alone loses £16,000 yearly by the prohibition.

Cocaine is India's pet aversion. Only the other day, in consequence of the serious increase of the habit in Delhi and elsewhere in the Punjab, the Government issued stringent prohibitions. To merely possess cocaine in any quantity or in any form is now a serious crime. It is not Europeans so much as the natives who have come under the spell of the drug.

Europeans invariably take cocaine by injecting it into the forearm, but the Hindoo has improved on this. He makes of it a kind of chewing gum, and calls it "pan supari." It consists of a leaf smeared with lime and rubbed with areca nut, cloves, and various aromatics, to which cocaine is eventually added.

Soon the abuse grew to such an alarming extent that three or four years ago a measure was introduced by the Government forbidding the sale of cocaine, except by licensed persons. To evade the Excise Department smuggling was resorted to. At Calcutta recently a large quantity of the drug labelled "printed music" was confiscated, and the importers fined heavily.

Memphis and Texas, among others of the states in America, prohibit the importation of morphine and other drugs. They can only be purchased when

a physician's certificate is presented across the counter.

Many countries prohibit the importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, which teetotalers, at any rate, will not quibble at if termed drugs. Brandy is so forbidden in Russia. It is a criminal offence to introduce it into the country, or even to be discovered in possession of it. Russian physicians would not think of prescribing it for their patients.

Eighteen months ago Belgium enforced a law forbidding the sale of absinthe in any part of its dominions. The green-coloured liqueur, which, if constantly indulged in, brings its votaries at last to the lunatic asylum, had such a terrific vogue amongst the peasantry and the poorer inhabitants that the authorities became alarmed, and to stop all further chance of mischief prohibited its consumption and sale altogether.

France does not forbid absinthe drinking save only by its sailors and soldiers. Laws have been drafted to prohibit its sale again and again, but the "green poison" is so universally consumed by all classes that the authorities fear that a civil war or something equally serious would attend the enforcement of any stringent regulations.

Intoxicating liquors of any kind are absolutely banned by King Khama, of Bechuanaland, who, with a wisdom commendable in a ruler of an uncivilised people, determined to prohibit their importation several years ago. More than that, he came purposely to Great Britain to ask the assistance of brewers and distillers in helping him to stop the traffic, just then getting a hold on his subjects.



Can Girls make themselves Too Cheap?

By Ellice Beerz.

THE girl who has the capability to be all things to all men, and who is utterly devoid of self-consciousness in masculine society, is frequently stigmatised by other women as making herself too cheap; but she is rarely if ever described in these terms by the men of her acquaintance.

The woman who, in feminine eyes, makes herself cheap merely in masculine eyes makes herself approachable; and the majority of men will praise rather than criticise her for this. The man who loves her will not think her bold whatever she does, short of proposing to him; and any advances she chooses to make he will only regard as angelic condescension on her part, while the man who simply seeks her because he enjoys feminine society will be grateful for the opportunities she gives him.

As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible for the average girl with the ordinary amount of self-respect to make herself too cheap, and the woman who does really and truly err in this particular is the woman whose value is already too low to be lessened in this way.

What, after all, is the exact meaning wrapped up in this term of reproach under which many a thoroughly nice girl has been made to writhe? Picked to pieces, it simply means that a girl does not hem herself in, and fence herself around with haughtiness, reserve, and an exaggerated sense of her own importance, and what is due to her as a woman. The "cheap girl" treats men more as brothers than lovers, and ignores the question of sex in her relationship with them.

It is simply that she has, more than other girls, the art of attracting men as her friends. They are her friends mostly, and do not pretend to be either suitors or undeclared lovers, and this is largely the fact that other women lay hold of, for Mrs. Grundy cannot bear to see any friendship between man and woman.

Yet the "cheap" girl is never without an escort. Other girls, who are left to attend matinees and concerts by themselves, may say they do so in preference to making themselves as cheap as Miss So-and-So; yet in their hearts they know it is not the will but the power which is lacking.

Girls, beware of the woman who would have you think that you make yourself too cheap. Many a match has been ruined and many a heart broken by this dreadful phrase, for dreadful phrase it is in the ears of a nice girl.

The girl who has been the belle of the ball, or life and soul of the party, and not above showing the preference she feels for some particular admirer, may have all her innocent joy turned into bitterness in a moment by this single term of reproach, hurled at her by one of her own sex.

The taunt from an elderly spinster usually falls harmless, since even the most sensitive girl can shelter herself behind the reflection that possibly the grapes are sour; but when she is admonished in apparently good faith by some married woman or girl of her own age that she makes herself too cheap, the shaft is poisonous in the extreme.

The favoured suitor is promptly given the cold

shoulder, so anxious is she to regain what she now thinks her "lost" dignity; she becomes erratic in her treatment of him, until he himself is constrained to believe in the flirting propensities which the many enemies of the "cheap" girl have already taken care to hint at. And so the breach widens, and a promising match is spoilt.

One may naturally wonder why there is so much malice directed against the girl who makes herself cheap. Surely her own actions may be considered sufficient to spoil her chances, and she may be safely left to accomplish her own ruin.

Not so. The girl who resolutely makes herself cheap is a formidable rival to every other girl, and if she cannot be met on fair ground by those who have not the same art of making themselves cheap, she must be worsted in unequal fray by those who envy, but are powerless to emulate, her.

How is it that the "cheap" girl invariably marries? Because unconsciously she opens out for herself many avenues to matrimony denied to the exclusive girl, and this without any ulterior motive on her part; but as long as men continue to take pleasure in feminine society, without wishing to compromise themselves, so long will the company of the cheap girl be sought, in preference to her more retiring and more exacting sister.

For the reason that the man who follows in the train with a dozen other admirers knows that his attentions will not be specially remarked, and that he may withdraw at any moment without bringing unfavourable comment on either her or himself.



Why Cobblers Hate Electric Trams.

Some Curiosities in Cause and Effect.

TIN, as we all know, has risen in price enormously during the past eighteen months or so. But in June last came a heavy set back, and though prices remain far higher than they were before the rise began, still the slump in tin-mining shares was one of the most sudden and sharp on record.

Yet no new sources of supply had been discovered, no new mines opened, nor were the markets glutted. Oddly enough, the cause of the sudden slump may be found in a novel recently published in the United States.

The writer of that book never mentioned tin; what he did was to show up the horrors of Chicago meat-packing. The immediate result was to very nearly destroy this industry. Consequently, the output of tinned cans in which the meat is packed decreased, with the ultimate result that there was less demand for the metal itself.

The same book is also apparently responsible for the fact that we are all paying about a penny a pound more for cheese than we were last year. But here the relation between cause and effect is more obvious. The revulsion from tinned foods has caused an active demand for substitutes, and apparently cheese is the substitute most favoured by the former consumer of tinned meats.

A corn merchant who recently filed his petition in bankruptcy gave as a reason for his failure that he had lost his money in a patent medicine venture. "But why not stick to corn?" inquired the judge.

The witness explained that the corn business was

a hopeless one at present. It had been ruined by the motor-car. The effects that the motor has had upon trade generally are extraordinarily far-reaching.

Dyers and cleaners are flourishing as never before. Not only do the clothes of motorists become impregnated with dust, but lubricating oil leaves such stains upon trousers and skirts, as can only be removed by the professional cleaner. The manager of one large cleaning firm asserts that never before were so many parasols sent for cleaning.

Why should a cutlery firm fail because of the extension of tramway systems all over the country? This is not a riddle, but another plain case of cause and effect. The firm in question made a specialty of shoe-makers' knives. Trams have effected an enormous saving in shoe leather. Consequently, cobblers are going out of business, and the demand for their special knives is greatly decreased.

Incidentally, it is worth mentioning that, according to the chief organ of the tailoring trade, "the overcoat is now as dead as the proverbial door-nail." Electric trams dealt this trade its first blow, and the issue of cheap workmen's tickets finished it. In old days a man walked to his work; now he travels by car, and no longer needs a heavy coat to protect him against the weather.

Among other peculiar effects of the tram and the motor are first the tremendous drop in rents of dwelling houses in or near the centre of large towns. In Sheffield, family residences which fetched £120 a few years ago now rent for £70 a year. Secondly,

the great boom in country hotels, and thirdly, the fact that the consumption of wine and spirits is steadily decreasing.

Whether the latter is chiefly due to the motor is, however, doubted by some people. There are those who declare that it is due to bridge. Clubmen and visitors at hotels play bridge every evening, and usually for money. Their heads must be absolutely clear, and consequently tea, coffee, and mineral waters are preferred to champagne and whisky.

Only a very few years ago a young inventor succeeded in flashing an electric signal through the ether from Cornwall to Newfoundland. When the news became known it was universally prophesied that the cable companies, with all their vast capital and interests, were ruined. But this has not happened. Instead, the breeding of pigeons has received a severe blow. The American navy has just closed its pigeon-training establishment, and sold some 10,000 pigeons which were being used for carrying messages, and whose upkeep cost £4,000 a year.

Bad times have overtaken the Shetland fisheries. The herrings have deserted the coast, and the loss to the fishermen is a heavy one. But why should the herring shoals have failed to follow their usual course? The fishermen declare that it is because the Norwegians are killing off all the whales.

Their argument is that the herrings come in-shore to escape the whales that feed upon them, but now that the whales are destroyed the herrings take a straighter course upon their annual migration southward.

Shouts of delight are being heard in all directions on finding SMITH'S WEEKLY has awarded that carefully preserved ticket a golden sovereign.

Picked Pars.

Gas Poisons Trees.

Several trees in Northernhay, Exeter, have been poisoned. Examination showed that a gas main, laid in an asphalt path, was leaking, and the gas had polluted the soil.

A Quaint Custom.

In the Carnarvon district a quaint funeral custom has been observed for generations. Before the coffin is screwed down, some bread and salt and a coin are placed beside the remains and buried with it.

Cotton and Silk Factories in Afghanistan.

The Amir of Afghanistan has started cotton and silk weaving factories at several of the cities in his territory, and is actively endeavouring to foster these industries as far as possible.

A Golfer's Mecca.

It is estimated that 2,000 visitors go to the Isle of Wight for golf annually. There are nine courses in the island, and putting the average expense of each visitor, with his family, at £10, it is believed that by golf alone £20,000 a year is brought into the island.

Amateur Engine Drivers.

Archie and Quentin Roosevelt, the younger sons of President Roosevelt, recently drove a railway engine from Oyster Bay, the Roosevelt summer home, to Mineola and back, a run of forty miles. The President requested the railway authorities to permit the boys to ride in the engine, and the request was readily granted.

Feeding by Force.

Fourteen Russian Doukhobor fanatics, who are in gaol at Winnipeg, have refused to eat, and food is pumped down their throats three times a day under the supervision of a doctor.

A Living Bridge.

An extraordinary sight was witnessed recently on the river Lea at Clapton. Some millions of flies had congregated and formed a bridge from bank to bank, moving with the stream.

Seeing is Believing.

A grocer at Rotherham has fixed a bee-hive with a glass front in his window. Crowds of people stop to watch the insects making honey from the syrup which the grocer has placed in the hive.

Indian Squaw as Sandwich-woman.

An Indian Squaw, dressed in the costume of her tribe, recently caused much comment in Victoria Street, London, where she was acting as a sandwich-woman to advertise a toilet preparation.

Flies Stop a Clock.

The turret clock with four dials at Wolverton Station, on the G.E.R., was stopped by a swarm of flies. The insects got between the glass covering and the dial in such large quantities as to stop the progress of the hands on the western dial. Efforts to move the hands were unavailing until the glass was taken off.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Where the Irish Language still Lingers.

The Irish language still lingers in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear black sailors in the London docks, who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old applewomen whom they meet, and thus making themselves intelligible without a knowledge of the Saxon tongue.

Hate of a Lifetime.

There is a gig at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, which is still in service, and has been running for thirty years, all the time in charge of the same coachman. The latter has preserved in his harness-room the seventeen silk hats, of varying styles, which he has worn upon his journeys, and they form a novel collection. The vehicle has, in these thirty years, worn out four pairs of wheels and three pairs of shafts.

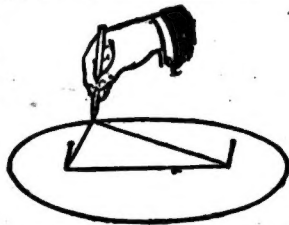
Fish that Drown in Water.

Several examples of a most interesting zoological paradox—a fish which would be speedily drowned if placed in deep water—have just been added to the collection at Regent's Park. This is the African walking fish, which spends the greater part of its existence upon the mud banks of tropical rivers. Its method of progression has been described by naturalists as of the "hop, skip, and jump" variety, and when journeying inland, as it does over long distances, it climbs, by means of the breast fins, over the roots and even into the boughs of trees.

Picture Pars.

TO DRAW AN OVAL.

THE illustration shows a very simple method by which an oval can be accurately drawn. Take



two pins or tin-tacks and stick them in the surface upon which you wish to draw the oval. Get a piece of thread, knot it into a loop, and then put it over the pins. By stretching the thread to its fullest limits with the point of a pencil and then moving it round, a well-defined oval will be produced. The size of the oval depends upon the length of the thread. If the loop is small the oval will be correspondingly so.

A FORCE PUMP.

A FORCE pump that is in general use among many gas companies and plumbers is shown in the illustration. Its chief purpose is clearing away stoppages from gas pipes. If any consumer complains of a short supply it is generally due to a stoppage in the pipes somewhere, and a man is sent with this pump to remove the obstruction. The handle A is worked up and down until the chamber is full of air, the tap B being turned off. Then one of the couplings is taken from the meter, and the nozzle C is applied to the end of the pipe. The tap then being turned on allows the air to rush in through the pipes and so clear away the obstruction.



ON ALL GONDOLAS.

At the front of all Venetian gondolas an iron of curious shape may be noticed. This iron, besides being picturesque, serves a purpose—by its aid the gondolier can tell whether he will be able to pass under a bridge or not. Over the many canals of Venice bridges are particularly numerous, and as the tides rise and fall con-



siderably the space under each bridge is subject to variation. The gondolier, when he wishes to learn whether he can pass under a certain bridge without bringing his boat in contact with the top of the arch, sights from the point of the prow to the ceiling of the arch. If the ceiling can be seen above the point he knows he can get under the bridge safely.

PREVENTS SPILLING.

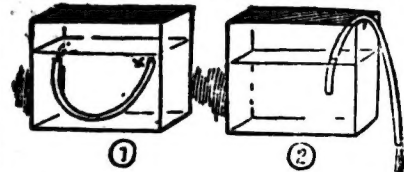


To prevent milk spilling when it is being carried in pails a novel idea is employed in some of the home counties. Two pieces of wood are placed on the top of the liquid in the manner our illustration depicts, and this effectually prevents it lapping over the side of the pail. When water is being carried, too, this idea is made use of, and in both cases clean places of wood are essential.

A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph used here. See footline.

EMPTYING A TANK.

AN easy method of emptying a water tank is explained here. A piece of rubber hose is selected. After a cork has been firmly fixed in one end of the tube it is placed in the water. All the air will then come out of it and rise to the water's surface in bubbles. The end



that has the cork in is then taken out of the water; and when the cork is removed. The water will then flow from the hose until the tank is empty. Care must be taken, however, to see that the other end of the hose is kept immersed in the water, otherwise if the air gets into it the emptying process will cease.

DENOTES A DITCH.

PIECES of wood similar in shape to those shown are planted at the edge of some country roads as a warning to drivers of vehicles that a ditch or swampy ground divides the road from the hedge. They are generally found in bends in the road and are painted white, so that in the darkness they may also be discernible.

People who are riding or driving know when they see these posts that cutting off the corner is liable to be dangerous.

Personal Pars.

The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, who is now just over forty years old, entered the Navy when he was but little more than a child, being but two days over his twelfth year when he entered the famous training ship the *Britannia* as a cadet. He had always a desire for the sea; and there can be very little doubt that he was greatly influenced in this direction by that goodly clergyman and famous novelist Charles Kingsley.

Lady Beaumont.

Mona Josephine Theresa Stapleton, Baroness Beaumont, is twelve years old, and at that age ladies, even ladies of title, do not object to these details of age. A Baroness in her own right, she is the daughter of the late Lord Beaumont, who was killed while out shooting some ten years ago. At Carlton Towers, Yorkshire, the bright-eyed child hunts, acts in amateur theatricals, and plays the part of Little Lady Bountiful with as little thought as possible of the dignity of the barony, descending from the thirteenth century, which she is called on to maintain.

Sir Victor Horsley.

Sir Victor Horsley, whose wholesale denunciation of alcohol has attracted a large amount of public attention, is the son of Mr. J. O. Horsley, B.A., who is remembered for his denunciation of studies of the nude under the pen-name of the "British Matron." Sir Victor, who is still under fifty, first attained prominence in his profession twenty years ago through a particularly clever brain operation. He has nerves of steel, is not loved by the Anti-vivisectionists, and has advocated that a law should be passed for the suppression of treating.

King and Queen of Spain.

Born the King and Queen of Spain are fond of outdoor life, and in this respect differ from the Spanish nobility as a whole. The King, for example, does not observe the national custom of the siesta, even when in his own dominions, and the Queen has not yet acquired this habit, although the heat of the Peninsula during the present summer has been exceptionally high.

Lord Charles Bessborough.

Was born in 1846, and is therefore sixty years of age. His connection with the Navy extends over a period of forty-seven years, for it was in 1869 that he joined the *Britannia* as cadet. He was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet in 1900, and has commanded that important naval force since 1905. It is important to bear in mind that he knows China and Japan like a book, and that the sailors who serve in the war-ships of the Britain of the East admire him almost as much as they revere Togo.

Mr. John Thomas.

Mr. JOHN THOMAS, the King's harpist, has just been presented with a handsome silver instrument from his colleagues on the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music, in commemoration of his eightieth birthday. Mr. Thomas was born, appropriately enough, on St. David's day, at Bridgend, Glamorganshire. His first step to fame was at the Aberavenny Eisteddfod in 1837, when (aged eleven) he gained first prize for harp-playing. After this Mr. Thomas, through the generosity of Ada, Countess Lovelace, Byron's only daughter, entered the R.A.M., where he remained as student for six years. He ultimately became Associate, Professor, and Fellow of his

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

alma mater, and is still a member of the managing committee, a record of 66 years' service in Tenterden-St. In 1861, at the Aberavenny Eisteddfod, Mr. Thomas was created "Pencerdd Gwallt" (Chief Minstrel), while in 1871 he succeeded his old master, Balser Chatterton, as Queen's harpist.

The Duchess of Leeds.

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS is a good horsewoman, like most of the Lambtons, but she is fonder of literature than sport, and has published poetry as well as some clever stories. Art and music have many attractions for her, and she has a deep love of Italy, in which country she has spent the winter and early spring for some years past.

The Bishop of Ripon.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON this year enters upon the twenty-second year of his episcopate. Beyond doubt Dr. Boyd-Carpenter is one of the most popular men in public life, one of the most scholarly bishops on the Bench, and a broad-minded and liberal cleric, who worthily fills the position to which he was appointed just on twenty-one years ago. He was a friend of the Empress Frederick for many years, while it may be remembered that she summoned him to see her just before she died. The Bishop has often been spoken of as the successor of Dr. MacLagan in the Archbishopric of York. Before the Reformation, Ripon Minster was the church of the monastery of the Augustinian Canons, and was in course of building from the middle of the twelfth century to the early part of the sixteenth, thus exhibiting all the characteristic types of cathedral architecture in this country. It was restored about forty years ago by Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of £40,000.

NATURE SERIES.

How Foxes Escape Hounds.



By "GAMEKEEPER."

PROBABLY ten foxes escape hounds for each one who pays the supreme penalty of being so important an item in the sport of kings.

Among the lucky ones, the majority escape, not by reason of what they do, but by being cunning enough "not" to do that which is expected of them.

To begin with, when hounds are drawing a covert, any number of foxes, instead of jumping up from their couch of leaves or bracken and tearing off to proclaim to all and sundry that they are only too delighted to oblige, simply lie low till the danger has passed.

Often have I seen hounds leave at one end of a covert, and the fox, who laid low, at the other. And, when this happens, and the pack forge on to pastures new, the keeper is not encouraged to be kind to foxes by gratuitous blame for blank coverts.

Should a fox find that the game is up—that hounds are about to pull him from his bed—he makes a frantic dash, and by a series of marvellous swerving leaps finds, as a rule, an exit from the bloodthirsty throng.

But so lucky an escape is not due always to his acrobatic skill. There are, however, comparatively few hounds in a pack who can muster up enough pluck to take first grip. The sharp, gleaming teeth of a fox are by no means to be despised.

TRYING TO SAVE HIS SKIN.

The chances are that, in the first rush for life, a fox will not meet, face to face, one of those rare old warrior-hounds, who have many a time taken a line of their own and slain their fox without any aid from the rest of the pack.

I knew of one old hound—she was a member of a charming though very business-like lady-pack—who, on no fewer than four occasions, ran and killed a fox unaided.

Foxes show their greatest cunning and resource when, after failing to shake off their pursuers, they are hard put to it to save their skin. The huntsman may know he has beaten his fox, but he knows also that he has not caught him till his "mask" hangs from the saddle.

A fox was in the habit of spending a day occasionally in a ditch about a 100 yards from my cottage. When I discovered this, I took good care to strengthen the defences of my fowl-house.

One day I heard hounds coming full-cry towards my mansion. Keeping still, I very soon saw my occasional neighbour slinking along with that deceptive, lolling gallop peculiar to foxes.

On he came, and made straight for the door of my fowl-house, which he found open for the first time. Am I giving that fox too much credit when I suggest that, from his own previous failures, having found that the fowls within were safe, he thought he also would be safe, once he was inside?

Here is another instance, which, considering the consummate cunning of foxes, inclines one to the belief that it is rather the outcome of a certain amount of reasoning than of instinct alone. A hard-pressed fox starts a fresh fox to take up the burden of the chase.

HIDING IN AN OAK-TREE.

One of the best instances of vulpine resource occurred in this way: A fox hunted by the Craven Hounds gained the shelter of Savernake Forest. Here he suddenly vanished apparently, and, as other foxes were quickly roused, his case was not then investigated further.

Some time afterwards, when hounds were near the spot where this fox had been lost, a keeper spied him curled up in an oak-tree. The Master was informed, and the keeper climbed up and dislodged the knowing one, and, as was only to be expected of such a fox, he escaped again.

It was clear that this fox had used the tree for some weeks. Measurement proved that his bed was thirty-seven feet from the ground.

I remember a fox who had rosted evidently for many weeks in a thick ivy-clad may-tree before he was discovered by the keeper, who passed beneath daily. The fate of this fox—well, I forget.

Thousands of foxes have saved their lives by running through a flock of sheep or herd of deer. And, as this is a thing they are not in the habit of doing, it is only fair to put it down as further proof of their cunning—and reasoning.

Again, a fox, realising that things are growing too warm at last, will take a line for a certain distance, and then quickly retrace his steps. When he thinks fit, he takes a big jump—always to leeward of the wind—and lies down to watch hounds race by. And I should not wonder if he winks at them.

MY EXPERIENCE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

What a Reader of "P.W." Felt at Valparaiso.

EARTHQUAKES! Well, we had not taken much notice of them. To be sure, it was rather an unpleasant little shake we had last June, but then we compared it with others in previous years, and considered that having got over it without any damage we were rid of them for the season. We joked about it, chaffed each other on having been scared about nothing. Even the local papers came out with comic illustrations on the subject.

And all the time we were getting near the grim reality that has made us just a little older and more careful of how we joke about the possibilities of "pegging out," and some of us perhaps a little more thoughtful about the Providence who brought us safely through the peril that came by night.

There is not a great deal to tell as to what happened. The whole town was living its ordinary life. It was just the same as on every other day of the year. In most houses dinner was in full swing, and people were laughing, joking, and enjoying the present with no particular anxiety for the morrow.

Shortly before eight o'clock came a rumble and a little bit of a quiver. Windows rattled, and the usual trembling, nothing to be alarmed about, except those who had wee children, and for these it was only necessary to go to their cribs and soothe their fears.

Barely had the side of the crib been reached than with a roar came the shock. Houses rose and fell like ships in a gale of wind, walls swayed like paper in a strong wind. From outside came the crash of falling buildings.

Still the shock went on. Would it ever cease? Was this the end? What could one do to save the little ones and the women? No time to hesitate; get outside, and get out as quickly as possible. You had a possible chance there.

You snatched up anything you could find in which to wrap the bairns, and then rushed out into the blackness of night.

No lights, pouring rain, buildings still rocking, women screaming and praying incoherently, lightning occasionally flaring. Then light came. It was only the light of buildings burning, but it was sufficient to light the whole town.

Everyone who could do so hurried to the most open spaces near their houses. You felt a little safer if not too near some high building.

Even then, though in comparative safety, as soon as a distant rumble was heard announcing the approach of fresh quakings, all rose to their feet with an instinctive effort and ready to flee, although they well knew there was no safe place.

The horrors of that night! Surely no one who passed through it will ever forget. Would daylight never come? Would the earth open and swallow up the waiting multitudes who thought they were safe out of doors?

In the night anything seemed possible; and who can blame people for despairing of living till the sun came up. It seemed as though we were doomed to everlasting night.

What praise can be too great for those who, during all this inferno, forgetting their own losses, and the risks they were running, went round helping those who were in worse plight than themselves.

They cheered up the despondent, searched for friends and relatives of those who had other ties to keep them from looking round, brought food and drink to those needing them, and generally did all in their power to mitigate the sufferings of anyone, friend or stranger, who was in need.

The dawn came up at last. You could almost feel the intensity of the relief around, when we found the night was passing.

The rain had ceased, and the morning was one full of sunshine and the goodness of life. Can anyone understand the feeling? It was as though the end had come, and we were all waiting the summons before the Judgment-Seat (anything seemed possible whilst the night lasted), and had then found that the end of all things was not yet.

What a scene the sun shone on that day! It had set over night on a huge city full of life, and the enjoyment of all that life brings. On a city of fine buildings, huge stores and houses of business. On crowds of inhabitants, with no thought of what the morrow might bring, and no care about anything except the business and pleasure of ordinary life.

And the morrow? Ruin; blank ruin everywhere, and yet, despite all, the thankfulness that one had come through the ghastly night in safety.

Blanched faces and anxious inquiries for missing ones, hysterical happiness when you learned your friends were safe, growing terror when you found that friends or relatives were "missing."

In the city was devastation absolute.

Where were the fine buildings and the huge stores now? In many cases, what the earthquake had commenced the fire had finished; and ruins, ruins everywhere, met the eye.

For the town of Valparaiso, what could be more fitting than the text one clergyman took at an open-air service the Sunday after the disaster: "He beheld the city, and wept over it!"

Living by Contract.



How Modern People Can be Relieved of All Worry.

HALF the people in this country are too busy to be worried about domestic matters, and the other half are too idle. Consequently, any new device to take trouble off their shoulders is welcome. Smart business men found this out long ago, and the result has been an extraordinary development of what may be called "living by contract."

Say, for instance, a man who is fairly well off wants to go in for motoring. Well, first he has to choose a car and take the risk of its turning out a bad one. Then he has to provide for its housing and cleaning. He has to buy petrol, spare parts, new tyres, and worst of all, has to engage a chauffeur and keep a sharp eye on him.

This sort of thing takes a lot of time as well as money, and if the new owner does not know what he is about, he is extremely likely to get done all round. It is to save all this kind of bother that certain motor companies have started their "inclusive contract" system.

You pay £300 a year, and for that money you get a car every day of the week if you want it. It is stored, cleaned, repaired, retired, and provided with petrol, and more than all that, driven for you. It is a case of, "you pay your money, we do the rest," and for the man who has more cash than leisure, the system has undoubted advantages.

If you do not care to motor, you can "job" a horse or pair, and any vehicle you like. You pay a fixed sum monthly or yearly and everything is provided, including a cockaded coachman in livery, and even a footman, if desired.

MENTING DONE BY CONTRACT.

One of the most recent developments of the contract system has been evolved by an enterprising north country outfitting firm. For a certain sum paid quarterly customers are provided with underwear, socks, ties, gloves, shirts, hats, and, in fact, wearing apparel of every description. Another firm—this a London tailoring company—will contract to take care of the outer man. For £20 a year, paid quarterly, you get a dress suit, a frock-coat, coat suit, a tweed suit, a morning suit, a suit of flannels, and two overcoats.

There are several companies which will do all your mending and repairing by contract. A woman is sent to your house whenever required, and you post the company a cheque for a previously agreed upon sum at the end of the year. Another company undertakes to supply a valet or lady's-maid for a fixed time every day, thus saving a world of trouble to those who dread engaging a large staff of domestics.

Getting one's laundry work done by contract has become a regular feature of modern life. There is no bother about bills for so many shillings and pence weekly. A quarterly cheque, and you are always sure of a clean shirt. One laundry company makes a specialty of towels. For the sum of £2 12s. a year you get a dozen clean towels every Monday. No need to buy new ones or trouble about their wearing out. The company sees to all that.

ENGAGING PROTECTION BY FUGILISTS.

A German laundry firm has gone a step further. In a Berlin paper of January 20th last appeared the following advertisement: "You need not buy linen any more, for the — Co. will supply you with all you want, free of charge. You only pay for the washing." In fact, a fixed sum paid monthly provides the Berlin citizen with clean clothes to his heart's desire. The delightful part of it is that, in their own interests, the company supplies the best and most lasting materials.

For those who still prefer to live in houses of their own, the contract system is making life a good deal easier. For instance, there is no longer any need to engage a gardener. There are great numbers of firms of nurserymen who will contract to take charge of a garden at so much a year.

Similarly, the chimney-sweep will engage to keep your chimneys clean, and so save you fines for chimneys afire. The coach-builder in most country towns will engage to keep your carriage varnished and properly looked after by the year for an agreed amount, and window-cleaning companies will likewise save you the trouble of urging your maids to risk their lives on outer sills.

The very latest development of the contract system appears to be "protection" for timorous persons who for any reason are afraid of personal violence. In Bethnal Green is an establishment where the management will contract for the safety of their client, whether he be M.P. or keeper of a bucket shop. Any required number of "bruisers" attend or shadow the client, and he can afford to laugh at the threats of his enemies so long as he pays the necessary fee by week or month.

My Notebook.

More about
Saving Money.

IN a recent article I made a few remarks about saving money. This has brought some correspondence. There has been a little fault-finding in the things I said. The following letter, which I print in full, is a pretty good example of the whole, and at the end of it there is voiced a suggestion which is novel and worth some attention:

Your remarks on the subject of saving are interesting, but I think that the point is missed.

Your statement that "saving money is a business—only a strong man can do it," is not encouraging to the vast majority of would-be savers. Yet it is perfectly true. Therefore, what we want to know is not a method by which saving people can save, but a method which will be of benefit to the man who has tried many schemes for saving and has failed in each.

We first of all have to define the word "save." I presume by it you mean to put away money, either (1) for the benefit of posterity, which shall remain untouched during one's life, or at all events, be only used in the case of direct emergency, or (2), to attain a certain object, such as a house. Many a man saves up £5, £10, or £15 in a year and then spends the whole lot. This, of course, isn't saving.

The man who is built so that he can acquire the habit of regularly paying the premium on an endowment policy, is quite capable of adopting the simpler method of putting by so much a week from his salary. This man there is no need to advise; he knows what to do and does it.

The failure of most people who wish to save and can't is due to the fact that when their wages are placed in their hands they haven't the will power to at once bank a small proportion of it. There are always so many calls on one's purse that to put by any sum, however small, is to leave some bill unpaid that week.

The secret of the whole art of saving, therefore, is that a man should arrange to have part of his wages deducted by his employer before he gets it. If he earns 30s. a week, then he should agree to be paid 27s. 6d., and the balance of half-a-crown put by every week by the cashier until the end of one year, or five years, or ten years, when he can have it in a lump sum.

Yours truly,

SMITH.

As my correspondent very rightly says: "The man who is built so that he can acquire the habit of 'saving' needs no advice. He knows what to do and does it." Up to that point we both agree. Then comes the novel point that the weak-minded man who can't save by himself, must be made to save by his employer and the cashier.

I wonder if SMITH gave a really serious consideration to this suggestion of his? I wonder if he studied it from any moral and intellectual standpoint? Because this man SMITH and his suggestion really annoy me. His suggestion isn't "the secret of the whole art of saving." It's just pure foolishness and baby talk.

SMITH, I happen to know, is the head of a department in a big commercial house. He has a number of young men under him. He has the virtual training of these men. And in the face of that he practically suggests that he himself should have a certain sum deducted from his salary and saved for him. Anyhow, his proposition seems to me to amount to that. If it doesn't then it refers to the young people in his charge, and if he has that kind of young man to deal with he has got the wrong kind.

Any man who would ask to be treated according to SMITH's prescription ought to be fired out of a place of business at once. Because the man who hasn't the strength of character to save for himself, but must get his master to do it for him, is both a milkop and a moral coward.

Of course, there are some people like that. More's the pity. The way in which he saves money and the way in which he spends it reveals the true character of a man. That's a pretty wise saying for me, and SMITH should study it.

Not Children should Never
be Thrashed.

MARTHA writes: "My husband and myself have had a very serious difference of opinion as follows: Our two eldest

boys were playing in the streets the other day, with a number of other boys, when a drunken man came reeling along. They started to 'bait' him as boys will do. I think the boys generally throw stones and mud at him, and pulled him about, he rushed at them and chased them, and then they defied him to 'come on' from a safe distance. When I heard of this I gave my boys a sound thrashing. My husband says that was not right, a talking to them by him would have served the same purpose and have had more lasting effects. What do you think?"

Of course, one can only think in a case like this. Ten thrashings by one mother might not have the same terrifying effects as one long earnest talk by a father.

Children are like this: they sum up your characteristics quicker than you sum up theirs. Punishment usually falls to the mother's lot because she is the more frequently in their company. Very often she punishes with justice. Very often the father comes home and sees a child in bed with red eyes and a wet face, and hears its sobs and feels the extra tender pressure of the arms in giving the "good-night" kiss, and all his sympathy and love goes out to it.

That is invariably the undoing of the mother's authority. The child gets compensated for its pain. The punishment has done no good.

Believe it or not as you like, but I say such punishment has done no good. At least, it hasn't done any lasting good.

I hate the thrashing of a child whether by father or mother. I think it brutalises the parent. I think it is the fault of the child's teaching and upbringing that it should require thrashing. Thrash a child and you brutalise the child also.

If you cannot educate a child out of wrong-doing by the persuasion of your own voice and the tuition of your own sound reasoning, it isn't the child's fault. It's your fault. Chide yourself before you chide your child. It gets all its knowledge of right and wrong from you and from those with whom you allow it to associate. You are to blame—always.

If I had the makings of the laws of the land, I would thrash any parent who thrashed his own child.

Gold Water—but Really
Good Advice.

PITMAN is a reporter and sub-editor on a Yorkshire weekly newspaper. I gather from his letter that he is a disappointed and a very hard-worked man. I know that he must be both. I know few things that will kill the majority of young men quicker, both intellectually and morally, than such a post as PITMAN has.

PITMAN is a young man, a bachelor, with few ties; he has saved two or three hundred pounds, and thinks he can get financial backing up to a thousand, and he asks, very plainly and honestly: "Is there room for another such paper as your *Pearson's Weekly*, with a live man behind it, and can I start it with a thousand pounds? I feel I could make it go."

PITMAN couldn't. He would make a failure of the venture. The small newspaper man and the man in the street thinks it looks mighty easy to make a paper like *Pearson's Weekly*. All they think they want is a bundle of old American newspapers, a paste-pot, and a pair of scissors.

That was all right twenty-five years ago. But I don't think you could start a *Pearson's Weekly* nowadays, and make a like success of it under fifty thousand pounds.

When TIT-BITS started in 1881, and made a big success, it made one man—Sir George Newnes—and since then has been the ruin of a thousand others. But Sir George Newnes had a human heart, and a keen sense of sentiment. He put those things into his paper. His imitators, with one or two exceptions, didn't. They only put the paste-pot, and they used stale paste.

A few months ago I amused myself by going through the Press Guides of the last twenty-six years, and I made out a list of all the *Pearson's Weekly* kind of papers that had been published since TIT-BITS started. Many of them never figured in the Press Guides at all, because they didn't live long enough to get there. And I made out a list of 478 distinct papers. Before *Pearson's Weekly* ever started I made out a similar list, and the number was then nearly 800. Some of these papers lost as much as thirty thousand pounds. Some of them started off, through good advertising, with as big a circulation as half-a-million copies. I don't think I would be far wrong if I said that there is less money in the Bank of England at the present moment, than has been squandered on "popular" papers in recent years by incompetent people.

And yet strangely enough TIT-BITS was not the first paper of its kind to be published. Another "bits" paper came out six weeks before. Only two or three people know the story of that, and it will be a strange romance of cleverness and incompetence, of fortune and failure, if ever it should be told.

It isn't easy to start a paper like *Pearson's Weekly*. It's really more difficult to continue it. To continue it you want a big bulging banking account. You have to buy tons of manuscripts you will never use. You have to make contracts for paper and other things a year or more in advance.

Don't waste your money, PITMAN.

PETER KNARY (Mr. Notebook.)

THE FINEST COIN IN THE WORLD.

How the Dutch Ducat Beats the Coins of Other Countries.

Who has not heard arguments regarding the relative value of our British sovereign and other gold coins?

In a club, a few days ago, an Englishman, who had just returned from Cairo, made the statement that the Egyptian pound was better than the British sovereign, because one had to pay one British pound and odd pence for an Egyptian pound. He maintained that they were the same size. The astonishing fact then became apparent that not a man amongst those present—and there were a dozen—could say whether he was right or wrong; in fact, not one knew either the weight or fineness of our beautiful standard coin.

Surely every Englishman ought to know so much; and, if he intends to travel, he should have some idea of the relative value of the gold coins of other countries.

Now, the gentleman from Cairo was quite wrong in his assumption; because, as a matter of fact, the Egyptian pound is the most inferior gold coin in the world (saving the Mexican ten-dollar gold piece, which can hardly be called a current coin).

THE EGYPTIAN POUND IS LARGER.

The only reason why the Egyptian pound is worth £1 0s. 3½d., is because it is larger than the English sovereign.

The British sovereign weighs 123.27 grains, its Egyptian confrère weighs 131.18 grains; therefore, if the latter were of as good quality as the former it would be worth £1 1s. 3½d. Or, to put it in another way, if the Egyptian coin were of equal weight with the British coin, it would only be worth £0 19s. 0½d. The British coin is intrinsically worth 5 per cent. more than the Egyptian gold coin.

Americans frequently remark in a sneering sort of way: "Your British pound is only worth \$4.80 of our American money." Quite true; but they put it the wrong way.

They—and, too often, others—are accustomed to think of a sovereign and a five-dollar gold piece as being equal. This is far from being the case. The sterling value of the American five-dollar gold piece is £1 0s. 6½d. of standard British money. In this case the same remarks apply as those respecting the Egyptian pound.

A COIN THAT IS NEARLY PURE GOLD.

If the American coin were as pure as the British coin it would be worth £1 0s. 11½d.; or, if its weight were reduced to the weight of a British sovereign, it would only be worth £0 19s. 7½d. Its intrinsic value, therefore, is much below the sovereign.

The British sovereign contains twenty-two parts of pure gold, and two parts of alloy; the American coin contains only nine parts of pure gold to one part of alloy. This makes a difference of 1.666 per cent. of fineness in favour of the British coin. The fineness of the British coin is 916.66, of the American coin 900.

The finest gold coin in the world is the Dutch ducat. Its sterling value is 9s. 4½d.; but if it weighed as much as our British sovereign it would be worth £1 1s. 6d. It is very nearly pure gold. The Austrian ducat is almost identical with it.

In point of fineness, the Persian toman (9s. 5d.), the Brazilian ten-milreis piece (£1 2s. 3½d.), the Turkish pound (18s. 0½d.), and the cora of Portugal (£2 4s. 4½d.), are the same as the British sovereign.

There is one coin an exact counterpart of our British sovereign (except, of course, that the designs are different), and that is the libra of Peru, which weighs 123.27 grains, is 916.66 fine, and is worth exactly one-pound sterling.

All other gold coins are inferior in fineness to the British sovereign, and are worth between 19s. 7½d. and 19s. 7½d. per British sovereign, weight for weight.

DURING a lecture on dynamics, an eminent professor, apologising for a somewhat involved passage, remarked:

"I can't give you an easier explanation without making it more difficult!"

"Do come in, auntie," she begged, "and help us; we are going to have charades."

"Certainly I will," answered the old lady. "I knew you were making them, because I smelt them as I came along."

Can a Ticket Talk?

Possibly not, but the little Cash Ticket that you have in your pocket may bring you a Gramophone if you find it among the winning numbers in . . .

SMITH'S WEEKLY

and the Gramophone will talk in a very pleasant way to you.

Paying Footballers to Advertise Pills.



How Exponents of the Manly Game have Helped Schemes Along.

THERE is a story to the effect that when Tottenham Hotspur played Sheffield United at the Crystal Palace in the final for the Association Cup, the enterprising proprietor of a patent medicine offered all the players a handsome sum if they would consent to appear on the field with a boldly-lettered advertisement fastened on the backs of their jerseys. His idea was that as the vast crowd watched the play, they would also be compelled to attend to the exhortation to, say, "Buy a Box of Bunker's Pills!"

Other attempts to utilise the footballer as a sort of living advertisement have been as numerous as they have been peculiar.

A monarch of the tea trade in the North once made a proposal to a famous team to the effect that they should change their name from, say, "Bigborough City," to "Pogger's United," and play in costumes adorned with announcements of the soothing beverage he dealt in.

Pogger, by the way, was not his actual name, but is near enough to serve. In return for what he desired, he was prepared to contribute a substantial sum to the coffers of the club. He was disgusted when he was met with a polite but firm refusal.

PLAYING THE GAME IN TOP HATS.

In somewhat the same way a firm of popular hatters did their utmost to induce a well-known team to turn out in an important match arrayed in orthodox football attire, plus tall silk hats—and each hat was to bear a label, setting forth by whom it had been manufactured, and at what price duplicates were to be obtained.

Famous footballers are constantly receiving more or less tempting offers to become the media of advertisements. Nor should this be at all surprising. Well-known players are so much before the public, and their names are such household words to thousands upon thousands of people, that it follows as a matter of course that it would be worth the while of enterprising firms to pay them heavily to allow themselves to be publicly associated with this or that article of merchandise.

It would, for instance, mean a small fortune for the proprietor of a new "Strength Food," if Vivian Woodward, the centre-forward of the "Spurs," or George, the goalkeeper of Aston Villa, could be induced to assert in print that they had used it, and ascribed all their skill and stamina to it.

Some club managers will not allow their professional players to accept gratuities from advertisers, but others are not so particular. A prominent forward connected with a League club makes a nice addition to his income by allowing it to be generally known that, in his opinion, he cannot play his best game unless he is wearing a pair of Messrs. So-and-So's football boots.

A no less celebrated half-back is the agent for a brand of cigars, samples of which he generously hands to the numerous friends and admirers with whom he comes into contact, most of whom are charmed to smoke something recommended by the great man.

It is an open secret now that a famous full-back, who was just a trifle too prone to conviviality, was paid handsomely for demanding a particular brand of whiskey, in a loud voice, in each and every hotel he visited in the towns to which he found his way while travelling around with his team.

FAMOUS PLAYERS AS GROCERS' ASSISTANTS.

Even more peculiar offers are made to footballers by the wily advertiser. A large provision firm, when opening a new shop in a town where the football fever was rampant, induced several of the most prominent and popular players connected with a famous team to act for the nonce, as salesmen.

Dressed in the club colours, the "heroes" stood behind the counter, and doled out butter, bacon, eggs, and tea, to their admirers, many of whom were induced to extend their patronage by the alluring prospect of being served by the objects of their homage.

In very much the same way, the proprietor of a number of restaurants up North, when starting a new branch, employed the goalkeeper of the nearest League team to come over and help him, by acting as a sort of master of the ceremonies. The man thus "specially retained" was a veritable idol. Arrayed in full "war paint," the footballer posted himself at the door of the place, and gave a hearty welcome to all who entered.

Truth to tell, the fare wasn't of a very superior quality, but the visitors were not by any means dissatisfied. One red-hot enthusiast voiced the opinion of many others when he said: "The grub was bad,

and the charges were awful; but I'd stand a lot more than that to have a man like Jimmy shake hands with me, and tell me that he hoped I was all right."

"Jimmy" was, of course, the goalkeeper. Could hero-worship go farther than this?

With the enormous growth of the game, and the vast increase in the number of those participating in it, there has, unfortunately but not unnaturally, come the danger of more accidents. Consequent on this has been the rise of a large number of institutions for the curing and mending of all and divers sorts of football injuries. The clever gentlemen who run these establishments are by no means averse to a testimonial from an international player or his club, to the effect that he has been made a whole man again after being completely smashed up.

And it is whispered that some celebrated players have secretly received fees in return for a general promise to patronise one of these establishments, and to recommend their friends to do the same, should circumstances unhappily render it necessary for them to "lay up" for repairs.

It is hinted—and it may or may not be true—that a go-ahead medical gentleman who set up one of these "mending shops," as they are sometimes facetiously termed by those who go to them, was so anxious to give his new venture a good send-off, that he offered a famous player a substantial sum on condition that the man contrived to get himself at least so injured on the field that he would have to be taken off to the establishment.

There he was to be cured in the most prompt and skilful manner—according to the programme laid down—and the whole affair was to be so arranged that it would be sure to fill a lot of space in the newspapers, and thus ensure a splendid advertisement for the gentleman most interested. What answer the "pro." made to the proposal, supposing it was ever made, history sayeth not.

Theatre managers and directors are also among those who seek the aid of the popular footballer to serve as a good advertisement. Many a drama on its last legs has been revived by the gracious consent of two great teams to visit the theatre on a particular night, and enthroned in majesty in the stage-box express profound interest in, and august approval of, the play and players on the stage.

INDUCING PLAYERS TO WITNESS A PLAY.

A touring manager, who is now doing very well, was once in such desperate straits while visiting a Black Country town, that he was seriously debating between a hurried flight to some such place as New Zealand or suicide. The public would have simply nothing to do with his "show."

But a cup tie was played in the town during his stay, and he issued a trembling invitation to the two elevens to visit the theatre on the evening after the match. They graciously assented, and the fact that they were to be present was placarded all over the town. As a result, the house was simply packed with their admirers, who—if they mostly came to gloat on their heroes, and not as high-souled patrons of the drama—all paid for admission, anyhow.

"It cost me a bit to get those teams to turn up," said the manager afterwards; "but it was worth it. The house that night brought me enough money to carry me on for a bit longer, and gave me time to turn the corner."

New health-resorts, too, hanker after the advertisement which the gentle footballer can alone give. The Town Clerk of a new seaside place used to simply bombard the secretaries of big clubs with requests to them to bring their teams down to the place when they had to go into training for an important match.

And he was not alone. It is obvious that if a new seaside town, or country health-resort can be so fortunate as to be selected as the headquarters of a famous club which is training for an English Cup tie, its fortune may very easily be made. The doings of the team are chronicled in the Press day after day—and, of course, the beauties and virtues of the place they are stopping at, are extolled and made known to thousands of potential visitors, who, perhaps, have never heard of its existence before, and never would have done so were it not for the fame and glory which the footballers have reflected on it.

FIELDING: "Gardener says it's wonderful how quickly his wife can sing the baby to sleep."

Meadows: "I believe that baby's shamming. I've heard Mrs. Gardener sing, you know!"

SHE: "Just see how much your little wife loves you. She made this cake for you all by herself."

He: "Yes, darling, and now if you will eat it all by yourself I shall possess indisputable proof of your devotion."

ONCE two Irishmen went out on a shooting tour. They had not travelled far when a large crow came into their view. Pat, seeing it, shouldered his gun and fired. The crow fell to the ground with an awful thud.

"Sure, Pat," said Mike, "the fall alone would have kilt the bird; you are only wasting powder."

OUR PIONEER COLUMN.

When Things we are now Familiar with were Originated.

Sovereigns aren't so Old.

THE English sovereign, or pound sterling, deservedly called the king of coins, is the finest passport one can have the world over. It is not so very old a piece of money, though, the first of them having been issued for public use on July 1st, 1817. They were followed by the first half-sovereign on October 10th of the same year.

Knighting an Actor.

ACTORS were for long rogues and vagabonds in the eyes of the law. Now recognised as members of society, the first actor to become officially a gentleman and to receive an honour from his country was when the late Sir Henry Irving was knighted by Queen Victoria on May 24th, 1895, an honour that aroused great interest all over the kingdom.

Oxford v. Cambridge.

OUR inter-University contests are now looked upon as the most sporting events of the year, and are the most keenly followed as being straight and sportsman-like. The pioneer inter-Varsity contest was in the summer of 1827, when Oxford and Cambridge played a cricket match at Lords, rain stopping the game as a draw, with Oxford having much the best of it.

"For Valour."

MOST coveted of all honours to be won by the fighting services is the Victoria Cross, the jubilee of which is celebrated this year. The first man to receive "the glorious penn'orth of bronze"—the crosses being made from cannon taken at Sebastopol—was Rear-Admiral Charles Davis Lucas, who won it while, as a young naval officer, serving in the Baltic against the Russians, in 1854.

The Original Newspaper.

CAN anyone try to imagine the world to-day without its newspapers? And we may safely say that the press of Britain is the finest, take it all round, to be found in any country. The first regular newspaper we ever knew—the pioneer of all these mighty organs of public opinion—was a sheet called the PUBLIC INTELLIGENCER, which was first published in 1663, and, after a brief existence of three years, died.

Knights of the Garter.

OUR present Orders of Knighthood form the means by which the Sovereign distinguishes his subjects—apart from hereditary honours. The first of them, as it is now the highest, was the Most Noble Order of the Garter, with its proud motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, the Order being instituted and the pioneer knights appointed by King Edward III. in 1349, on April 23rd (St. George's Day), and chosen from those who had won their spurs at Crecy.

The First Public School.

OUR great public schools form a feature of our national life that cannot be matched outside England. The names of several of them are familiar to everyone, and an enormous proportion of our leaders in every walk of life are recruited from "old boys" of various schools. The pioneer of these splendid institutions was founded as long ago as 1387, when pious old William of Wykeham founded one at Winchester, called ever since Winchester College.

Kept by Insurance Companies.

THE pioneer fire brigade was started in 1832, being founded by Mr. Charles Bell Ford, a director of the Sun Fire Office. It was made up of engines belonging to different insurance companies, and was maintained by them, no public funds being used for their upkeep. It was called the London Fire Engines Establishment, comprised eighty men, and nineteen stations, and had for chief James Braidwood, who was killed at the great Tooley Street fire, in 1861.

When Scenery was Labelled.

THE pioneer among playhouses, as we know them, was erected by Shakespeare's friend, the actor Burbage, in Shoreditch, in 1576, and was called simply "The Theatre." It was built after the fashion of the yard of an old coaching inn, with galleries and boxes, called rooms, running round three sides of it, the fourth being the stage, a mere platform with signs, "this is a tree," "a ship," or "a house." The ground space in front of the stage was the yard, or pit.

Stamps that would Stick.

ON the morning of May 1st, 1840, the people enjoyed a new boon which we to-day could hardly do without. A certain James Chalmers, of Dundee, had, some six years previously, invented the adhesive stamp, the postage stamp, as we know it, which could be carried by themselves and stuck to letters or other missives as necessary. They had to overcome the usual prejudice against innovations, but on the morning mentioned above the pioneer stamps were issued to the public, and at once were so successful that they were soon in use for all purposes.

No need to carry an insurance policy when on motor-buses. SMITH'S WEEKLY'S scheme does away with it.



How the Value
of Property
is Purposely
Depreciated.

These men who tear down buildings in broad daylight and get weekly wages for so doing are not the only property-wreckers in existence. There exists another type of property-wrecker, whose methods are peculiar and interesting.

This much P.W. learned from an obliging house and estate agent.

"You'll perhaps hardly believe me," he said, "when I tell you that some landlords are on the look-out for tenants, whom they are willing to pay handsomely to do everything they can to run down the value of the houses they are going to live in, and to give their new neighbourhood a bad reputation. But your astonishment will be modified when I explain that the houses under discussion belong to rival landlords."

"Talk about competition! I am willing to assert that there isn't a business which can boast of more competition—of a sort—than modern house and flat-letting. You've heard of big businesses which have tried, so to say, to cut one another's throats, so that they may get the field to themselves!"

"Well, some modern landlords carry on war with each other in the same deadly spirit—only, they are not so open about it."

"I'll give you an example of what I mean. A gentleman built a row of small houses in a new neighbourhood. He hoped to develop the property and increase its value, and to this end looked out for nice tenants. Some of the tenants he got were very nice ones indeed—but not in the sense he would have liked."

"Half a dozen of them had such good references that he let them have houses on agreements, which put it out of his power to turn them out for months. Once they were in secure possession, they began to behave in a terrible way."

"It wasn't that they did not pay their rents. They were too cunning not to keep on the safe side, so that their unhappy landlord had no legal means of getting rid of them. But they made themselves as objectionable as they could. One of them never came home except in the small hours, and then in an uproarious state, which made it almost impossible for the respectable tenants to get any sleep."

"Another was always quarrelling with the neighbours. He was never happy unless he was engaged in a vulgar row with inoffensive people. A third gave parties practically all the time—and such parties!"

"In short, the six among them made things so bad that many of the other and more desirable tenants left as soon as they could. You would hardly believe what a lot of mischief six people can do if they give their minds to it."

"It's a fact that the half dozen bad tenants I am speaking of so ran down the value of the property that its unhappy owner was glad to dispose of it in the end for far less than its real value."

"Who bought it? Why, the man who had bribed the six tenants to make themselves objectionable, of course. But he was a nice, mild-mannered, old gentleman, and he had done everything so cleverly that nothing could be proved against him, and his victim would not have stood the ghost of a chance had he brought an action for damages."

"Another victim I know of, I was very sorry for. He was a builder with a very moderate capital."

"Literally every penny of this was sunk in the erection of a small 'estate' of workmen's dwellings. It was essential, if the man wanted to avoid the Bankruptcy Court, that he should get his rents in promptly, every week."

"But that was just what he didn't do."

"The tenants were awful. Some of them alleged that they were too poor to pay promptly, others were out of work, others had sickness or imminent death

in their families. Some simply refused to pay, and defied him. He couldn't take legal proceedings against them, because he had no money. So he struggled on for a bit, and was then ruined, and the property in which he had sunk his all was sold for a mere nothing."

"It was purchased by an agent for an old lady, who was very rich, and who had a lot of houses in the neighbourhood."

"Nobody ever brought a charge against her—she was generally considered much too respectable to be suspected of anything wrong. But, nevertheless, on the quiet, she had sent her agent round to bribe the tenants to be bad payers, and promise that if they got into trouble they would be helped and protected. Her object, of course, was to drive the unlucky builder to desperation, and get his property from him on the cheap."

"No; I can't say that I ever heard of a crime being committed on anybody's property, merely to run its value down; but I do remember a case in a country village, where a roadside inn was rendered practically worthless by the stories told by several tenants, one after the other, of fearful spectral visitants they had seen in the night."

"All these men left hastily, refusing to live in an alleged haunted house. In the end it was impossible to get a tenant to stop in the place. Then, of course, its value went down, and it was eventually bought very cheaply by a man who promptly went to live in it himself, and did very well."

"He was never troubled by ghosts. He, also, was too clever to be caught; but there could be no moral doubt that the tenants who had given the inn such a shocking character had done so at his instigation, and in return for his bribes."

Mrs. GAYBOY (severely): "What time did you get home last night?"

Gayboy (cautiously): "Oh, a little after dark."

"After dark! Why it was daylight when you came in!"

"Well, isn't that after dark?"

30 PICTURES ONLY!

Shortest Contest for £500 Ever Held.

You Can Start To-day by Getting Two Back Numbers (See Footline.)

FIRST

PRIZE:

£250

SECOND

PRIZE:

£100

THIRD

PRIZE:

£50

AND 1,000 OTHER PRIZES.

Below you will find six pictures, each of which represents the name of a well-known footballer. No. 1, for example, in the top right-hand corner, depicts the name of Wallace. The names are confined solely to Association and Rugby International players, and men who are playing for clubs in the Football League (First and Second Divisions), the Southern League, the Scottish League, and the

Western League. Only the names of players who have turned out for their clubs this season (1906-7) will be admitted, excepting only in the case of Internationals.

When you have discovered the names the pictures represent, write them carefully in ink in the spaces provided.

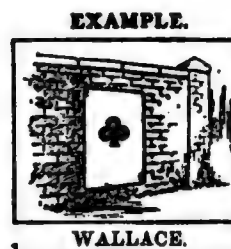
Only one solution is allowed under each picture. In the case of two or more equally correct solutions to one picture each will be admitted. Cut out this half page and keep it by you each week till the complete set of pictures has been published. We will then tell you how you are to send them in.

The prizes will be awarded in order of merit to the competitors from whom the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* receives the complete lists of names correct or most nearly correct. Gramophones and Consolation Gifts will be presented to the competitors next in order in point of correctness.

In the event of more than one reader obtaining the largest number of correct, or most nearly correct, solutions, the prizes will be awarded in order of merit to the tying competitors whose answers to the question "Why is Sheffield United?" are considered by the Editor to be the best. The space on which to write the answer will appear on the last set.

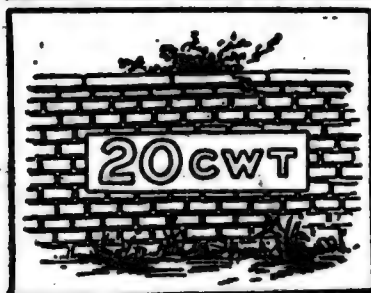
You may ask your friends to help you, and if you cannot find a solution for every picture, do not despair. Perhaps there are other competitors who have not found so many.

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition must be considered final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.



CUT HERE

THIRD WEEK. (Only Two Weeks More.)



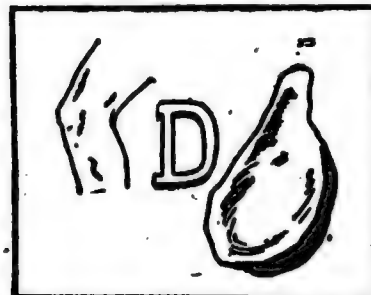
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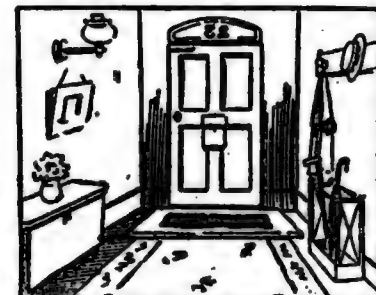
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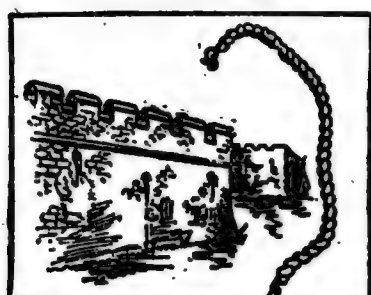
15.....



16.....



17.....



18.....

Name.....

Address.....

This Competition started a fortnight ago. Back numbers may be obtained through any newsagent for One Penny each, or 2d. post free from the Publisher, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A FASCINATING SERIAL.

THE WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

By GORDON HOLMES.

The Principal Characters in this Story.

DAVID HARCOURT, formerly a cattle-rancher in Wyoming, but now following literature. He takes a flat that is reputed to be haunted. He knows Violet Mordaunt and tries to help her.

VIOLET MORDAUNT, whose sister, under the name of Gwendoline Barnes, died at the flat. Violet is anxious to find her sister's wedding certificate, and thus clear the dead girl's name.

VAN HUPFELDT, whom Violet has promised to marry if he gives her proofs of Gwendoline's marriage.

STRAUSS, the man to whom Gwendoline was supposed to be married. David believes him to be in reality van Hupfeldt himself.

ERMYN L'ESTRANGE, an actress, whom Strauss had put in the flat on condition that she searched part of each day for the wedding certificate and papers which he knows exist.

JENNY, Miss l'Estrange's servant, who received the certificate after her mistress quarrelled with Strauss.

CHAPTER TWENTY (continued).

David has One Visitor, and Expects Others.

Miss l'Estrange actually blushed, for, like most women who are compelled to make up professionally, never an atom of grease or rouge was on her face at other times.

"David," she said, "you are a nice boy. I wish you were my brother."

"You would be fine and dandy as a sister."

"Well, let's be friends. And the first sign of friendship is a common alliance. I've taken your side against Strauss."

"What of him?" demanded David warily, for Miss Ermyrn was a slippery customer, he fancied.

"Now, no fencing, or the alliance is off. You were down at Rigsworth yesterday, remember, and you came back in a mighty temper. Not even your pretty Violet was all perfection last evening, was she?"

"Things did go wrong, I admit," said he, marvelling at this attack.

"Well, I am not here to pump you, or else I would surprise you a bit more. No, David, I'm here just because I'm a woman, and as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat, so that I can't help interfering in a love affair, though it isn't my own. Did you know that Strauss brought Jenny to Rigsworth yesterday?"

"Jenny! Why Jenny?"

"That is what I wanted to know. And she wouldn't tell me, the cat, until I got my Irish up and offered to drag her over the furniture by the hair of her head. And it was no use her lying to me, either. Every time she tried to think of a plausible tale I told her it would hurt to cross the chiffoier head first. At last she owned up, and then I opened a small bottle—she wanted it, I assure you—and I got the whole story while we finished it."

"But, for goodness' sake—"

"Woe, my boy. Don't rush your fences. I'll tell you everything, so keep calm. First, the night before last, Strauss comes to me—"

"One moment," broke in David. "Is this Strauss?" and he handed her the portrait.

She looked at it and laughed.

"Why, of course it is," she said. "Fancy you keeping his picture over your heart! Now, if it had been Violet, or me—"

"Sorry to have interrupted you," he said.

"Funny idea! Anyway, Strauss turned up the night before last and wanted to borrow Jenny for the whole of next day. It was beastly awkward, as she was helping me to rehem this dress and put new sleeves in the bodice, but he badgered me so that I could hardly refuse—and she thought for an instant of certain notes crumpled up in the gold purse which was slung from her neck—so I packed Jenny off about eight o'clock next morning; yesterday, that is. I was in a temper all day, and tore two frounces out of my frock, and scraped my shin on the step of a hansom, so when the minx came smirking home about midnight, to find me making my own fire, I let her have it, I can tell you. But it fairly gave me the needle when she wouldn't say what Strauss wanted her for, and then the row sprang up. Guess you want to smoke, eh? I would like a cigarette myself!"

David was most docile outwardly when all of a boil within. He awaited her pleasure, saw her seated in a comfortable chair, joined in her own admiration of a pair of really pretty feet, and lit a pipe. Then she continued:

"There was poisonous trouble for about five minutes. I might have let her off if she hadn't said things. Then I frightened her. I believe I did yank her hat off. At last, she confessed that Strauss told her that his name now was van Hupfeldt, and he wanted her to go down to Rigsworth to be introduced to two ladies as Sarah Gissing, Gwen Barnes's maid."

"What!" yelled David, springing to his feet.

"Oh, chuck it!" said Miss l'Estrange in a voice of deep disgust. "You nearly made me swallow my cigarette."

"But the man is a devil."

"Sit down, boy, sit down. You men are all six of one and half a dozen of the other where a woman is concerned. Poor things! I wonder how any of us escape you at all. Still, Strauss is pretty artful, I admit. You see, Jenny, having been in service here, could lie so smoothly about Gwen Barnes that it would be hard to find her out."

"Did she do this?" asked David in a fierce excitement. Miss l'Estrange laughed again as she selected a fresh cigarette to replace the spoiled one.

"Did the cat steal cream? Fancy Jenny being offered twenty pounds for a day's prevarication and refusing it! Why, that girl lies for practice."

"Oh, please go on," he groaned.

"Queer game, isn't it? I often think the ha'penny papers don't get hold of half the good things that are going. Well, Jenny, according to her own version, spoofed Mrs. Mordaunt and your Violet in great shape. What is more, Strauss and a lawyer man wheedled them into signing all sorts of papers, including a marriage settlement. Will you believe it? The Dutchman had the cheek to give your Violet the certificates which Jenny sold to him."

David said something under his breath.

"Yes," said Miss l'Estrange, "he deserves it. I can't abide a man who goes in for deceiving a poor girl. So, at my own loss, mind you, I determined to come here this morning and give you a friendly tip."

"Heaven knows I shall endeavour to repay you," sighed David, in a perfect heat now to be out and doing—doing he knew not what.

"Is she very beautiful, your Violet?" asked his visitor, turning on him with one of her bird-like movements of the head.

"That is her sister," said David, flinging a hand towards the portrait.

"Ah, I knew Gwen Barnes. Saw her in the theatre, you know. A nice girl, but nothing to rave about. Rather of the clinging sort. You men prefer that type, I do believe. And now that you have heard my yarn, you want me to go, eh?"

"No, no. No hurry at all."

"You dear David! Mouth all 'No,' eyes all 'Yes.' That's it. Treat me like an old shoe. Bless you, we women worship that sort of thing, until, all at once, we blaze up. Well, you will give Strauss a drubbing one of these days, and I shan't be sorry. I hate pretty men. They are all affection, and waxy like a barber's doll. Well, ta-ta; you're going to have a nice, pleasant day, I can see. But, fair play, mind. No telling tales about your little Ermyrn. I have done more for you to-day than I would do for any other man in creation. And, some day, you must bring your Violet to tea; I promise to be good and talk nice. There now; ain't I a wonder?"

And she was gone, in a whirl of flounces and high heels. The last he heard of her when she declined to let him come to the door "with that glare in his eye," being her friendly hail to the lift-man:

"Hello, Jimmie! Like old times to see you again. How's the wife and the kiddies?"

Left to his own devices, David was at his wits' end to know how to act for the best. At last he wrote a telegram to Violet:

"The girl you met yesterday as Sarah Gissing was not your sister's maid, but another woman masquerading in her stead. I implore you and your mother to come to London and meet me in Mr. Dibbin's office. He knows the real Sarah Gissing, and will produce her."

This was definite enough, and he thought the introduction of Dibbin's name would be helpful with Mrs. Mordaunt. Then he rushed off to see Dibbin himself, but learnt from a clerk that the agent would not arrive from Scotland until 6.30 p.m.—"which is a pity," said the clerk ruefully, "because a first-rate commission has just come in for him by wire."

"Someone in a hurry?" said Harcourt, speaking rather to cloak his own disappointment than out of any commiseration for Dibbin's loss.

"I should think so, indeed. Fifty golden sovereigns sent by telegraph, just to get him quick to Portsmouth."

David heard, and wondered. He made a chance shot.

"I expect that is my friend, van Hupfeldt," he said, watching the man's face.

"The very man!" gasped the clerk.

"Oh, there is no harm done. Mr. Dibbin comes to King's Cross, I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall be there to meet him."

Certainly things were lively at Rigsworth. David had a serious notion of going there by the next train. But he returned to Eddystone Mansions, in case there might be an answer from Violet. Sure enough, there he found the telegram sent in her name by van Hupfeldt. The time showed that it was dispatched about the same hour as his own. At first, his heart danced with the joy of knowing that she still trusted him. And how truly wonderful that she mentioned Pangley, a town he had not named to her; there must, indeed, have been a tremendous eruption at Dale Manor.

Yet it was too bad that he should be forced to leave London and go in chase of Mrs. Carter and the baby. Why, he would be utterly cut off from active communication with her for hours, and it was so vitally important that they should meet. Of course, he would obey; but first he

would await the chance of a reply to his message. So he telegraphed again:

"Will go to Pangley. Tell me when I can see you." He was his own telegraph messenger. While he was out another buff envelope found its way to his table. Here was the confusion of a fog, for this screeed ran:

"Miss Violet Mordaunt travelled to London this morning by the 9.11 train. This is right—Friend."

There was no name, but the post-office said the information came from Rigsworth, and the post-office indulges in cold official accuracy. Somehow this word from a "friend" did strike him as friendly. It made him read again and ponder weightily, the longer statement signed "Violet."

He could not tell. Oh, sympathetic little sister of the Rigsworth postmistress, that you wheedled the grocer's assistant into writing that most important telegram.

It was a piece of utmost daring on the part of a village maid, and perhaps it might be twisted into an infringement of the "Official Secrets Act," or some such terrifying ordinance, but your tender little heart had gone out to the young man who got "no answer" from the lady of the manor, and you knew quite well that Violet had never sent him to Pangley to hunt for a missing baby.

Anyhow, David was glowering at both flimsy slips of paper when a letter reached him. It was marked "Express Delivery," and had been handed in at Euston Station soon after twelve o'clock.

This time there could be no doubt whatever that Violet was the writer. Here was the identical handwriting of the first genuine note he had received from her. And there was Violet herself in the phrasing of it, though she was very brief and reserved.

"Dear David," she wrote, "I am in London for the purpose of making certain inquiries. I must not see you if I can help it. I must be quite, quite alone and unaided. Please pardon my seeming want of confidence. In this matter I am trusting to God's help and my own endeavours. But I want you to oblige me by being away from your flat to-night between midnight and 2 a.m. That is all. Perhaps I may be able to explain everything later.—Your sincere well-wisher, Violet Mordaunt."

Then David ran like a beagle to Euston Station, but Violet had been gone from there nearly an hour, because he found on inquiry that the 9.11 train from Rigsworth had arrived at noon.

Yet he could not be content unless he careered about London looking for her, first at Porchester Gardens, then at Dibbin's office, at which he arrived exactly five minutes before she did, and he must have driven along Piccadilly while she was turning the corner from Regent Street. London is the biggest bundle of hay when you want to find anybody.

Amidst the maelstrom of his doubts and fears one fact stood out so clearly that he could not fail to recognise it. Not Violet alone, but some other hidden personality, most earnestly desired his absence from the flat that night.

In a word, van Hupfeldt, who knew of the photograph and the letter being hidden there, had the strongest possible reason for seeking an opportunity to make an absolutely unhindered search of every remaining nook and crevice. But how was Violet's anxiety on this head to be explained? Was she, too, wishful to carry out a scrutiny of pictures, cupboards, and ornaments on her own account?

Then, with a sort of intuition, David felt that it was she who had already visited her sister's latest abode at such uncanny hours of gloom and mystery that her presence had given rise to the ghost legend. And, with the consciousness that this was so, came a hot flush of shame and remorse that he had so vilified Violet in his thoughts on the night of his long run from Chalfont.

It was she whom he had seen standing at the end of the corridor on the first night of his ever-memorable tenancy of this sorrow-laden abode, and, no doubt, her earliest efforts at elucidating the dim tragedy which cloaked her sister's death had led to the eerie experiences of Miss l'Estrange and Jenny.

Well, thank goodness, he held nearly all the threads of this dark business in his hands now, and it would go hard with van Hupfeldt if he crossed his path that night. For David resolved, with a smile which had in it a mixture of grimness and tenderness, that he would obey the letter of Violet's request while very decidedly disobeying its spirit. She wished him to be "away from the flat between midnight and 2 a.m." Certainly he would be away, but not far away—near enough, indeed, to know who went into it and who came out, and some part of their business there if he saw fit. Violet, of course, might come and go as she pleased; not so van Hupfeldt or any of his myrmidons.

Thereupon, determined to oppose guile to guile, he dismissed his charwoman long before the usual time, and called the friendly hall-porter into consultation.

"Jim," he said, when the lift shot up to his floor in response to a summons, "I guess you want a drink."

Jim knew Mr. Harcourt's little ways by this time. "Well, sir," he said, stepping forth, and unshipping the motor key, "I'm bound to admit that a slight lubrication wouldn't be amiss."

"In fact, it might be a bit, a palpable bit. Well, step lively. Here's the whisky. Now, Jim, listen while I talk. I understand there is to be a meeting of ghosts here to-night—no, not a word yet; drink steadily, Jim—and it is up to

Put those tickets SMITH'S WEEKLY has given you in your purse. A single one may fill it with gold.

you and me to attend the convocation. There is nothing to worry about. These spirits are likely to be less harmful than those you are imbibing; indeed, we may be called on to grab one or two of them, but they will turn out to be ordinary men. You're not afraid of a man, Jim?"

"Not if 'e is a man, sir. But will there be any shootin'?"

"Ah, you heard of that?"

"People will talk of bullet-marks, sir, to say pothole of drops o' blood."

"Drops of blood? Where?"

"All round our front door. They wasn't there overnight, on next day there was a revolver bullet stuck in your skirting-board."

"E clear proof that our sort of ghosts will bleed if you punch them hard enough on the nose. Now, I want your help in three ways. In the first place, I am going out about seven and will return about nine. I want you to make sure that no one enters my flat within those hours. Secondly, when I come back, I wish to reach this floor without coming in by the front door. You understand? If anyone should be watching my movements, I would like to be seen leaving the mansions, but not returning. Thirdly, I want you to join me on guard when you close the front door at midnight, hiding the pair of us somewhere above, so that we can see, without fear of mistake, any persons who may possess keys which fit my front door."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the porter, setting down his glass. "Well, I'm your man, sir. Leave everything to me. When you comes home at nine just pop along the other street until you sees a door leadin' to a bare. Drop down there, an' you'll find yourself in our basement. At twelve sharp I'll come up in the lift and fix you up proper."

"Jim, you're a treasure," said David.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE. The Midnight Gathering.

When the train from Rigsworth brought Violet into Euston Station, she hurried through the barrier and asked an official to direct her to the nearest post-office. At this instant a slight accident happened which had a singular bearing on the events of the day. Neil, the valet, who had driven to Euston just in time to meet the incoming train, had seen her, and was pressing in close pursuit when he tripped over a luggage-barrow and fell headlong.

He was not much injured, but shaken more than a little, and when he was able to take up the chase again Violet had vanished. Hence she was freed from espionage, and van Hupfeldt could only revile his useless emissary. The man Neil certainly did rush about like a whirlwind as soon as he recovered his breath, but Violet was in the post-office writing to David, and quite securely hidden from his ferret eyes.

Oddly enough, the first person she wished to see was Miss Ermyne l'Estrange. She remembered the actress quite well, as she had visited her once (Jenny, the maid, was out on an errand at the time), and it was one of the many curious discrepancies in the tissue of mingled fact and fiction which obscured her sister's fate that such a volatile and talkative woman should have written the curt little note sent at Hupfeldt's bidding. Violet could not understand the reason, but she saw a loop-hole here.

The long journey in the train had enabled her to review the information she possessed with a certain clarity and precision hitherto absent from her bewildered thoughts. In a word, there were several marked lines of inquiry, and she was resolved to follow each separately.

She felt that she had gone the wrong way to work in the first frenzy of her grief. She was calm now, more skilled in hiding her suspicions, less prone to jump at conclusions. All unknown to her, the little germ of passion planted in her heart by David's few words in the summer-house was governing her whole being. From the timid, irresolute girl who clung to unattainable ideals she was transformed into a woman ready to dare anything for the sake of the man she loved, while the mere notion of marriage with van Hupfeldt was so loathsome that she was spurred into the physical need of strenuous action to counteract it.

So it was in a very restrained yet businesslike mood that she climbed the stairs leading to Miss l'Estrange's flat and rang the electric bell. The door was opened by Jenny!

Not all the resources of set Cockneyism availed that hapless domestic when she set eyes on Miss Mordaunt. She uttered a helpless little wail of dismay, and retreated a few steps, as though she half expected the wonder-stricken young lady to use strong measures with her.

"Well, what is it now?" came her mistress's sharp demand, for in that small abode there reigned what the Italians call "a delightful confidence." Jenny's scream and rush being quite audible in the drawing-room.

"Ow!" stammered Jenny, "it's a young lady, miss."

"A young lady? Is she nameless?"

"No," said Violet, advancing towards the voice; "but your maid seems to be alarmed by the sight of me. You know me, Miss l'Estrange. I only wish I had discovered sooner that you employed my sister's servant, Sarah Glasing."

Ermyne was accustomed to stage situations. She instantly grasped her part, for she was fresh from the interview with David, and there could be no doubt that the unmasking of van Hupfeldt was as settled now as the third act of the farcical comedy in which she would play the acrobate that night.

"Sarah Glasing!" she said with a fine scorn. "That is not her name. She is Jenny—Jenny—blest if I have ever called her anything else. Here, you; what is your other name?"

"Blenkey, miss," sobbed Jenny, in tears.

"But you said only yesterday that you were Sarah Glasing?" cried Violet.

"Y-yus, miss, an' it wasn't true."

"So you have never seen my sister?"

"No, miss."

"Why did you lie to me so shamelessly?"

"Please, miss, I was pided for it."

"Paid! By Mrs. van Hupfeldt?"

"There is some mistake," broke in Miss l'Estrange, who was a trifle awed by Violet's quiet dignity. "It was a Mr. Strauss who came here and asked permission for Jenny to have the day free yesterday in order to give some evidence he required."

"Are you quite sure it was Mr. Strauss?" asked Violet, turning away from Jenny as though the sight of her was offensive.

"Positive! I rented, or, rather, I took your sister's flat from him, and he has been plaguing my life out ever since about some papers he imagined I found there."

"But you wrote to me a little while ago," pleaded Violet.

"Strauss is a plausible person," countered the other woman readily. "He came here, and spun such a yarn that I practically wrote at his dictation."

"There is no mistake this time, I hope."

Miss l'Estrange's colour rose, and her red hair troubled her somewhat, but she answered with an effort:

"There has never been any mistake on my part. Had you come to me in the first instance, and taken me into your confidence, I would have helped you. But you stormed at me quite unjustly, Miss Mordaunt, and it is not in human nature to take that sort of thing lying down, you know."

Then, seeing the sorrow in Violet's eyes, she went on with a real sympathy:

"I wish we had been more candid with each other at first. And I had nothing whatever to do with Jenny's make-believe of yesterday. The girl is a first-rate cook, but she can tell lies faster than a dog can trot."

This poetic simile popped out unawares, but Violet heard the kindly tone rather than the words.

"I may want you again," she said simply. "May I rely on you if the need arises?"

"Indeed you may," was the impulsive reply. "I have wept over your sister's unhappy fate, Miss Mordaunt, and I always thought Strauss was a villain. I hope that nice young fellow David Harcourt, who has been on his track for months, will catch him one of these days, and give him a hiding, at the very least."

"Oh! you know Mr. Harcourt?"

And then Ermyne l'Estrange did a thing which ennobled her in her own eyes for many a day.

"Yes," she said. "He found out that I occupied your sister's flat after her death, so he came to see me, and, if I may venture to say so, he betrayed an interest in me. Miss Mordaunt, which, had such a man shown it towards me, would have been deemed a very pleasing and charming testimony of his regard."

It was only a line out of an old play, but it served, and they kissed each other when they said "Good-bye."

(Another long instalment next week.)

WANTED HIS SHARE.

A RAW countryman went up to London not long ago, and saw, for the first time in his life, a penny-in-the-slot machine. He put in his penny and received a packet of cigarettes.

He then placed another penny in the slot and got a box of matches.

He walked on a few steps and saw another box with a much wider slot, so he put twopence in. Just as he put it in, however, the postman came and emptied the letters out, for it was a postal pillar-box.

The yokel stood for a minute completely dumfounded; then, recovering himself, he shouted to the postman:

"Hi, hold on there a minute, mate; two o' them lucky bags is mine."

A SCHEME THAT WORKED.

"PLEASE, sir," piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman.

"Father says, will you fill this?" said the little fellow, holding him over a half-gallon can.

It was duly filled and handed over.

"Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually. And then the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here," he said. "Gimme back the can."

Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied, and handed back to him with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough in the can, round the sides, for him to finish the job he wants to do, and I think you 'ave, sir."

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SITUATIONS LOST FOR STRANGE REASONS.

Does the Use of Scent Justify Dismissal?

A SHORT time ago the newspapers recorded the fact that a girl shop-assistant in Berlin had been summarily dismissed from her employment because she used a scent to which, it was alleged, some customers had taken exception.

At first sight this seems very harsh and unjust treatment, but it should be looked at from the standpoint of the employer as well as of the employed. His customers must, naturally, be his first consideration, for it goes without saying that without them his business would vanish.

In that event it would not be one but the whole staff of assistants who would suffer, as well as the employer himself.

The court before whom the discharged assistant summoned her late employer must have had these considerations in mind, because it was held that assistants could only use whatever scent they liked so long as it was unobjectionable to fellow-workers and regular customers.

THROUGH PARTING HIS HAIR IN THE MIDDLE.

SOME time ago there was a great deal of commotion over the action of a certain school authority in dismissing a teacher for wearing an engagement ring during school hours, after she had been repeatedly asked not to wear jewellery of any kind.

Most people will agree that this was very hard lines; nevertheless, the teacher would have lost nothing by paying regard to her employers' wishes. Her engagement would have been no less happy, and her ring would have shown with no less lustre when she had it on her finger.

A certain New York young man felt very much aggrieved when his employer dismissed him the other day for starting to part his hair in the middle. He was a clerk in a lawyer's office in that city, and he was led to adopt the fatal middle parting because his sweetheart told him it improved his appearance wonderfully.

But he reckoned without his employer, who wanted to know the why and wherefore of the new style. The young man somewhat rudely replied that it had nothing to do with the office, and, anyway, he had only started to part his hair in the manner in which his employer had always parted his.

A FRINGE THAT LOST A SITUATION.

Quite calmly the latter observed that it showed a lack of originality, and he did not want any imitative creatures in his office, as they were in no wise flattering to him. Very foolishly the clerk refused to part with his middle parting, so another kind of parting ensued.

The experience of a chemist in Omaha, Nebraska, was somewhat similar, and he dismissed all his assistants and advertised for a new staff, stipulating that "only those who part their hair on the side need apply."

In explanation of this curious condition he said: "Hair parted in the middle usually goes with cigarettes, red waistcoats, and a great facility of posing and keeping dressed up. I want men to work. Since I inserted the advertisement I have had applications from twenty sensible-looking clerks. All of them had their hair parted on the side, but one. He was baldheaded."

It was a question of hair, too, that parted a Liverpool waitress and her employer. One of the conditions of her engagement was that she should never wear a fringe; but, forgetful of this, she put in an advantage one morning with her features set off to advantage by the forbidden arrangement of her hair.

A CHANGE OF NAME AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Now, plainness in attire and general "get up" had always been the chief characteristic of waitresses at this establishment; and small wonder that the proprietor eyed this daring violation of a well-known rule askance. He demanded to know the reason for it, and, on being told that it was no concern of his, he dismissed the girl on the spot.

In doing this he acted quite within his rights, for the waitress had not only broken her contract, but had set at defiance a rule which she had obeyed without demur for three or four years.

Besides, no employer could reasonably be expected to abandon at the whim of an assistant, who could easily be replaced, the most cherished tradition of his establishment, which had been observed in the time of his father, and in the old time before him.

Some time ago a change of name led to a change of situation in the case of a druggist's assistant in Manchester. The name which he had hitherto borne, and to which he had been born, having been brought into disrepute by a distant kinsman, he made up his mind to abandon it for ever.

Feeling that such a step would probably do more harm than good, and having a rooted objection to all aliases as belonging to the criminal classes, his employer endeavoured to dissuade him from changing his name; but all to no purpose.

Then he intimated that a change of name would be followed by a change of man, as it subsequently was.

"You say Jeffs has grown whiskers since last you saw him? How did you recognise him?"
"By my umbrella."
"FREDDY, is your brother back at school?"
"No, he's half back," was the proud but somewhat astonishing answer.
SMITH: "Do you think that seeing is believing?"
Mrs. Smith: "No. I see some people every day I could never believe."
TEACHER: "Now, what does the busy bee teach us?"
Johnny: "To keep away from the hive."

CHILD (who has a great idea of her grandfather's age): "I say, grandpapa, were you in the ark?"
G.P.: "Why, no, my dear."
Child: "But, grandpapa, you must have been, or else you would have been drowned."
A GENTLEMAN prominent in judicial circles had entered an eating-house, and was immediately approached by one of those knights of the napkin, who remarked cheerily:
"I have devilled kidneys, pigs' feet, and calves' brains."
"Have you?" replied the jurist coolly "Well, what are your ailments to me? I came here to eat."

"BRIDGET, did you make that chicken broth?"
"O! did, mum."
"I can't find it anywhere about; wha. did you do with it?"
"Sure an' what ilse would I do with it but fade the chickens with it, mum!"
A WITTY member of the legal profession was once a guest at a dinner remarkable for its meagreness. The dining-room had been newly and splendidly furnished. Some of the guests congratulated the host on his taste in decoration.
"For my part, I would rather see less gilding and more carving!" said the wit.

Have You any Skin Trouble?

IF SO, YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS OFFER OF A LITTLE BOOK AND FREE TRIAL OF A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

EVERYONE wishes to have a skin free from spot, blemish, or the slightest disfigurement, but unfortunately many people fail to achieve this. It is so easy for the skin to get rough, red, or chafed, or for pimples or breakings-out to occur, but a simple and marvellously successful treatment is now within the reach of everyone. Our readers cannot have failed to notice the fact that even a single pimple on the face will make it look unpleasant, and hence it is that everyone who takes a pride in their looks is anxious to remove skin blemishes. It is obviously a bad blunder to make a surface cure and drive the trouble inward, but if the treatment which we advise is adopted there will be no danger of this. The affection will in that case be soon removed, and the former sufferer will have a clear, pure, and healthy skin again. Information of really priceless value will be found in our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," of which all our readers should have a copy, as it will be found very useful.

The way to Secure Perfect Skin Health.

There is no expense, and very little trouble involved in having a healthy skin, instead of one disfigured by spots or blemishes. If you continue to have the latter, it is simply because you refuse to adopt the "Antexema" treatment, which is as good for such serious troubles as eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash, as for pimples, blotches, blackheads, and minor forms of skin trouble. It is extraordinary that anyone should go about feeling uncomfortable or looking unsightly when "Antexema" will completely clear the skin of that which disfigures it. That "Antexema" will give you a clear, healthy skin is proved by the thousands of letters received by The Antexema Company during the twenty years that this wonderful skin cure has been working miracles of healing.

Don't be Uncomfortable.

Scarcely anything causes the same amount of intense discomfort as the maddening irritation set up by serious skin troubles. Hour after hour, both day and night, the sufferer endures maddening irritation that makes it impossible to give either proper attention to business or get comfortable rest at night. "Antexema" will prevent all this, as immediately it is

applied skin irritation stops, and the curative process starts at once.

Forms of Skin Illness.

We have been very much struck by the great interest that our readers take in the subject of skin troubles and their cure, and the way to keep cured afterwards, and have been delighted to find that our handbook on "Skin Troubles" has been so much appreciated and so exceedingly useful.

This is largely due to two facts. In the first place the information given is thoroughly accurate, and in accordance with the latest scientific discoveries in regard to the way to secure and retain skin health; and in the second place the information is clearly conveyed in simple, lucid, and non-technical language that all can understand. This family handbook should be in the possession of all parents and those who have regard to their personal appearance, and it will be found exceedingly useful and valuable for purposes of reference, and the information which it contains may enable you to save pounds in doctors' fees. Some of the skin troubles referred to are: Acne, babies' skin troubles, bad complexions, baldness, barber's itch, blackheads, boils, blotches, burns and scalds; delicate, sensitive, irritable, easily-chapped skin; skin troubles affecting the ears, eyes, feet, hands, and scalp; eczema (chronic and acute), eczema of the legs, facial blemishes, flushings, freckles, gouty eczema, leg wounds, lip and chin troubles, nettlerash, pimples, prickly heat, psoriasis, ringworm, scrofula, ulcers, warts, and wrinkles.

What "Antexema" Is and Does.

"Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor, and it cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for burns, bruises, blisters, and skin irritation due to acid perspiration; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used "Antexema" is far more valuable, because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

Note the First Signs of Skin Illness.

Examine your face before the mirror for a moment, and tell yourself candidly what you see. Does it look as you would like it to look, or are there any blemishes

upon it? Immediately your skin looks red, rough, coarse, is tender or irritable, has breakings-out or pimples upon it, or its health is affected in any way, give the matter instant attention. Don't imagine you will get over your trouble by letting things take their course. It is because it is fancied that slight skin ailments will cure themselves that you see so many people with bad complexions, or disfigured with ugly and unpleasant skin troubles. The old proverb says that "A stitch in time saves nine," and that is peculiarly true of skin affections. The worst of these may be easily cured in their early stages, but neglect, carelessness, and trusting to things coming right of their own accord, gives the affection time to gain a firm hold on the system, and makes the work of effecting a cure a much more prolonged and tedious business than need have been the case. The moral is plain. If you have any skin trouble deal with it immediately, and so escape the dangers of delay.

Why Not Try "Antexema"

You have read the previous articles in these columns on skin troubles, and their cure by means of "Antexema," and you must admit that what has been said is reasonable, and that the evidence quoted is conclusive and convincing. You still, however, hang back from trying "Antexema," and we think we know the reason. You have already probably tried other so-called remedies, and been badly disappointed by finding them an utter failure, and are, therefore, afraid "Antexema" will prove the same. If this has been your experience we understand your hesitation, but do not let your prejudice hinder you from obtaining a perfect cure for your trouble. You can accept our word for it that the first bottle you purchase will compel you to believe that "Antexema" deserves all we have said about it, and more.

Our Special Offer to Induce You to Try "Antexema."

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 8d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 8d. "Antexema" removes all facial blemishes. Easily obtainable in India and all British Colonies from leading chemists. We are anxious to convince you of the value of "Antexema," and therefore make this special offer. We will send you a free sample of "Antexema," together with our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," which explains the cause, nature, and cure of all forms of skin illness. If you want the sample and the little book, send three penny stamps for postage and packing, mention *Pearson's Weekly*, and address your letter to The Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. Mind you write immediately you read this.



"Antexema" cures eczema of the legs.

"Antexema" will prevent all this, as immediately it is



"Antexema" removes all facial blemishes.

For Asthma
Sufferers
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, and Whooping Cough by the use of **DR. J. L. MURRAY'S ASTHMA CURE**, in 15 min. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **PORTER & CLARK, Artillery Lane, London, E.** Mention paper.

WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND
TOWLE'S PILLS.
Sold by all Chemists throughout the World in Boxes 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6, or sent anywhere on receipt of Postal Order for 1/6, 2/6, or 4/6, by **T. T. TOWLE & CO. LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, NOTTINGHAM.**
Remedy of Indigestion, Injuries and Worms.

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.
Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil, invaluable for children and invalids. 1lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/4, free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Selton, Darnley, Guilford, Lichfield, &c., by **Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, S.O., Devonshire.**

BOON TO MEN.
Nervous and Physical Weakness—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigor, Varicose, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Reciprocity. Sent ailed free. Two stamps.—**J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.**

THE SETTLER'S IDEAL HOME. NEW ZEALAND.
Arrangements have been made with the New Zealand Shipping Co., the New Zealand Navigation Co., and the Federal Steam Navigation Co., for **Reduced Fares** for 1st and 2nd Class Passengers to persons possessing small capital and approved by the High Commissioner for the Colony. Eligible Single Women, Domestic Servants, are granted reduced rate Passages without the "capital" qualification. For application forms and further information apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 15 Victoria Street, London, or the Agents in the United Kingdom of the above Shipping Companies.

BOVRIL makes flesh,
BOVRIL makes bone,
Therefore TAKE BOVRIL
And BOVRIL ALONE.

EDWARDS' DESSICATED SOUP
KITCHEN ECONOMY.
"Waste not, want not," is the best of kitchen maxims, and E.D.S. not the least help to its observance. For E.D.S. imparts flavour and nourishment to "prepared" dishes, and saves from waste many uninviting kitchen scraps.
"My dear, buy it!
It's quite a Home-made Soup."
In PENNY PACKETS, and in Tins at 4½d., 8d. and 1/3, of Grocers and Cornchandlers everywhere.

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINY DISHES.

Boiled Lentils.

Boil a pint of lentils in water which should be slightly salted. When quite tender, drain and place them in a saucepan, adding a small piece of butter, some chopped parsley, and a suspicion of minced onion. Stir well together and serve.

Apples and Raisins

Make an excellent and nourishing sweet. Choose a dozen nice sound cooking apples, then clean thoroughly four ounces of raisins, and pour over them boiling water. Let the raisins steep till swollen, stone them, and add to the peeled and quartered apples. Stew all slowly till tender, when sugar should be added according to taste.

Sultana Scones.

Rub two ounces of butter into one pound of flour, adding a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Mix into a light dough with some milk, working in at the same time a handful of picked sultanas. Roll out about one inch thick, cut into three-cornered shapes, and bake until light brown in a good steady oven. (Reply to BELAIZA.)

Celery and Tomato Salad.

Wash two heads of celery, which must be white and crisp; cut into very fine short strips; add to this three or four sliced tomatoes (firm and ripe.) Prepare a dressing of one part of oil, two parts of vinegar, some tarragon and chervil, pepper and salt, and a good table-spoonful of cream. Lay the celery and tomatoes alternately in a salad-bowl, pour over the dressing, and serve.

An Inexpensive Ragout of Mutton.

Put two pounds of coarse lean mutton into small pieces, and fry them in a pan with an onion chopped small. Pour sufficient water over to cover the meat, adding a few herbs and any scraps of vegetables which you have by you. Simmer gently for two hours, then season with pepper and salt, and thicken the gravy nicely with flour. Serve in a deep dish, with chopped parsley scattered over.

Milk Scones

Should be made when sour milk or butter-milk is procurable. Rub an ounce and a half of butter or dripping into one pound of self-raising flour. Add a good pinch of salt, two ounces of currants, and two ounces of caster sugar. Make into a dough with half a pint of sour milk or butter-milk. Cut into rounds or fancy shapes, brush with beaten egg, and bake in a moderate oven. These scones can be eaten either hot or cold.

Oatmeal Coffee.

Sometimes coffee is not allowed to an invalid. When this is the case, a very good substitute will be found in oatmeal coffee, made as follows: Procure some fresh, coarse oatmeal, moisten it with just enough water to allow of its being made into cakes. Roll out thin, and then bake in a slow oven until the colour of a coffee bean, but not burnt. Place two or three of these cakes in a pint jug, fill with cold water, and stand for two hours; strain, and it is ready for use.

Quince Jelly.

Choose ripe, sound quinces, wash them and cut them in thick slices without removing skins or cores. Put the fruit into a preserving pan, cover with water, and let simmer gently till soft. Avoid cooking too long as the colour will be too deep. Turn the pulp into a jelly bag or cloth and let the juice drain into a basin. Boil up the juice, and then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, and stir until dissolved. Boil again quickly until a little dropped on a plate will jelly.

Fried Sprats

Are delicious if properly served. After the sprats are washed, wipe them dry in a cloth, scatter a little salt over, and let them lie for an hour. Place a good handful of dried flour on a piece of paper, and in it shake the sprats till they are lightly coated with it. Have ready a pan of boiling fat, plunge in the frying basket, which has a layer of sprats in the bottom, and move the basket about till the fish are cooked. Sprats of average size will take five or six minutes to fry. Drain the fish well on paper and serve with cut lemon, cayenne pepper, and brown bread and butter. If it is not convenient to use a frying basket, turn the fish into deep fat and take out very carefully with a skimmer.

A REALLY SMART BLOUSE.

You know, perhaps, that plaids are very fashionable just now, or if you've not been told that fact sartorial, you have no doubt gleaned the information from the various shop-windows.

But to make up plaid successfully, one needs to combine it with some other fabric. A dark coloured plaid alone is dowdy; a bright one, loud; but with some plain material introduced, of either white or black, any plaid shows to the best advantage.

White cloth was employed on the blouse in our sketch (No. 16684.) Only half-a-yard was used, and that sufficed to make the collar-band, front facings, and cuffs—that is if one may speak of cuffs, when they are placed at the elbows.

Although the bodice of this blouse is lined, the sleeve is not, but it is decidedly short in cut on the inner seam, and that suffices to keep it from dropping.

As to the tucking on the shoulders, the back and fronts must be seamed together there before the tucking is attempted. That ensures the lines being in continuation.

The lining of this blouse fastens at the centre front, the material buttoning, beneath the left facing, invisibly. There are three buttons there, it is true, but merely for ornament—wee silver ones.

Apart from plaid flannel, fine plaid woollens are to be had quite inexpensively. Three-and-a-quarter yards, 30ins. wide, will be enough for this blouse.



No. 16684. Paper pattern, 6d., post free. Pattern Department, from Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

THE ideal woman is always gentle in speech and in manner. She is truthful, sincere, and thoroughly reliable. She never wounds anyone's feelings, and never utters an unkind word about anyone.

She has a high sense of honour, of the dignity of life, and she passes by unseeing all that is frivolous, impure, and unworthy.

She is sympathetic, loves children, innocent fun, and wholesome amusements. She never has the blues. She is economical, but can be generous when circumstances require it.

She knows all there is to know about housekeeping, and, although she may not be actually beautiful in feature, the beauty of her mind shines out in her face and gives her the charm which is infinitely more valuable than mere beauty.

WHEN KISSES WERE THE CUSTOM.

In England for many a long period a kiss was the ordinary form of salutation; a guest, upon his arrival, and likewise upon his departure, saluted in this way his hostess, her daughters, and any other ladies who might happen to be present. It was the proper thing to do, and he did it: they taking it as a matter of course.

Foreigners commented with astonishment upon this singular custom, but fell in with it with remarkable rapidity; Erasmus, who lived in the sixteenth century, waxed quite enthusiastic when he dilates upon the way in which everybody kissed everybody else, and nobody was ashamed.

It is declared that the Reformation had some effect in checking this time-honoured custom of "Merrie England"; still, when we arrive at the time of James I., we find the Constable of Castile, that stately Spanish nobleman, gallantly saluting the pretty maids of honour all round, in the very presence of their mistress, "according to the custom of the country, any neglect of which was taken as an affront."

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

TEETH that are long and not narrow denote large, liberal views, strong passions, and heroic virtues; if they are long and narrow a weak character is denoted. Evenly growing teeth show a better disposition and better developed mind than those that crowd and overlap.

Long noses are cautious and prudent; short ones impulsive and joyous. Deep-coloured eyes, with well-arched lids, both upper and lower, show a truthful and affectionate nature. An eyebrow slightly curling at the outer edge indicates a jealous nature.

There is a whole world of tell-tale indications in the apex of the ear. If it lies close to the head the owner possesses a refined nature. But if the top starts away from the head at a well-defined angle that person has an uneven disposition and is not to be relied upon.

If a girl's thumb lies flat or drops a little, marital submission to the master mind is indicated. If the thumb has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand, the damsel owning it is headstrong. A person of weak character has a pendent thumb; the strong character has a strong, erect thumb.

Fingers which bend backward mean powerful determination. If they are round, strength, both physical and mental, is indicated. Stubby fingers are grasping fingers. Finger-nails that are rounded show refinement; if long and rather square at the top, firmness and energy are denoted.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1906.	1906. OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
Good Friday April 12.	M 9 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 31
Easter Monday . . . April 16.	T 5 12 19 26	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday . . . June 4.	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 1 8 15 22 29
Bank Holiday August 6.	T 4 11 18 25	T 3 10 17 24	T 2 9 16 23 30
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 5 12 19 26	F 4 11 18 25	F 3 10 17 24
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 6 13 20 27	S 5 12 19 26	S 4 11 18 25

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

For a Strong China Cement.

Use powdered flint glass mixed with the white of an egg.

Japanned Gift Cornices.

A little warm milk and the subsequent application of a soft wash-leather will renovate these completely.

When Roasting Meat.

Remember the old cookery rule: "White meats well-done, black (or red) meats under-done." This also applies to game.

When Pickling

Vegetables that you wish to keep a light colour, the blossom end of every clove should be removed. They will even spoil the colour of pickled cabbage.

A Perfectly Boiled Egg

Is never broken in the boiling. Bring the water to the boil, put the egg in a spoon, and place it carefully in the water, let this boil gently for three and a half minutes. By following these directions, my readers will find that they do not break the shells in cooking.

To Keep Sponges Soft and White.

Wash occasionally in half a gallon of warm water in which a teaspoonful of tartaric acid has been dissolved. Then rinse in plenty of cold water and set in the air. In many houses bath sponges do not receive sufficient cleansing and so this hint will be acceptable.

For Breaking out on the Lips

And patches of eczema, apply glycerine and sulphur mixed to the consistency of ointment. At the same time it is well to take barn and treacle for three mornings following. Mix the barn in the proportion of one part to two of treacle. Leave it off for three mornings and then take another course. (Reply to H. C. V.)

To Blanch Walnuts.

Crack the shells so that the nuts are not split, pull out the soft part of the shell, put the walnuts into a basin, pour boiling water over them, and let soak for two minutes, and then the skins can be quite easily removed with a silver pocket-knife or walnut-peeler. Throw the walnuts into cold water as they are peeled, and wipe dry with a cloth.

Keeping Apples

During the winter is quite easy, provided you have the proper kind. There are many varieties which will not keep after October. Spread the apples on shelves or on the floor of an empty room, so that they do not touch each other. Whenever a bad apple is seen it should be removed and the space where it stood wiped dry. (Reply to AMATEUR GARDENER.)

For Polishing Floors and Furniture.

Shred one ounce of yellow soap and two ounces of beeswax into a jar; pour over sufficient turpentine to cover. Stand at the side of the stove and stir occasionally till the mixture is of the consistency of cream. Rub a little of this on and then polish with clean cloths. Oilcloth polished with this will look well and last for years. (Reply to SUDDEN.)

For Whooping Cough.

This tested and most simple remedy for whooping cough has been sent me by a correspondent who learnt it years ago from an old Indian woman in the U.S.A. Give the child an orange on waking, another after breakfast, and a third on going to bed. This simple remedy, my correspondent tells me, has been proved successful again and again when other remedies have failed. (Thanks to NADA.)

The Special Autumn Double Number.

HOME NOTES for this week is the Special Autumn Double Number, and with it is given away the paper pattern of a very becoming and useful blouse for an adult. It will contain eight full-page illustrations of the newest autumn fashions, some short complete stories, interesting articles, under the title of "The Intellect of the Child, and how to train it," useful hints on health and the toilet by Edwin Wootton, Minor Matters for Men, directions with illustrations of stitches, for making the New Lattice work, which is especially suitable for large designs used upon curtains, cushion or table covers; and interesting articles on cookery, dressmaking, etc. Ladies will be wise if they invest twopence in it. It is dated October 18th, 1906, and published on Friday.

The Ideal Home Healer

The charioteers, gladiators, and wrestlers of Ancient Greece seldom emerged from their contests without some severe bruise or gaping wound, and to anoint each injury carefully with a favourite healing balm was quite a part of the day's programme.

It is significant that this fine race of people preferred preparations of vegetable origin. The ideal of the Ancient Greek—an ideal that should be an example to all time—was to combine power with purity, and among modern preparations this ideal is realised only in Zam-Buk, Nature's own skin-healer.

Ordinary ointments, salves, and embrocations, are generally composed of rancid animal fats and mineral poisons. The skin cannot absorb them on account of their coarseness, and they are exceedingly harmful to a tender or broken surface.

Zam-Buk, on the contrary, is a vegetable healing balm of remarkable purity and acknowledged efficacy. It is composed of the highly refined saps and juices got from certain rich medicinal herbs, is unique and superior in all points, and every household may rely on its healing aid.

When the little one runs in from his play with a wry face and a smarting, dirt-filled scrape on his knee, simply wash the part and smear with Zam-Buk, bandaging if necessary.

When father returns from work with a cut hand, the handy box of Zam-Buk again meets the emergency, and the housewife or mother continually finds it a real friend in need for the burns she receives while cooking, the scalds of a washing day, or the knocks and bruises of dusting.

The children like Zam-Buk because it is so cooling, soothing, and pleasant. Their elders value it still more highly because it is perfectly antiseptic, preventing poisoning or festering; because it is a natural skin repairer, growing new tissues in Nature's way; and because it is good for the tenderest skin. Every home needs a box of Zam-Buk.

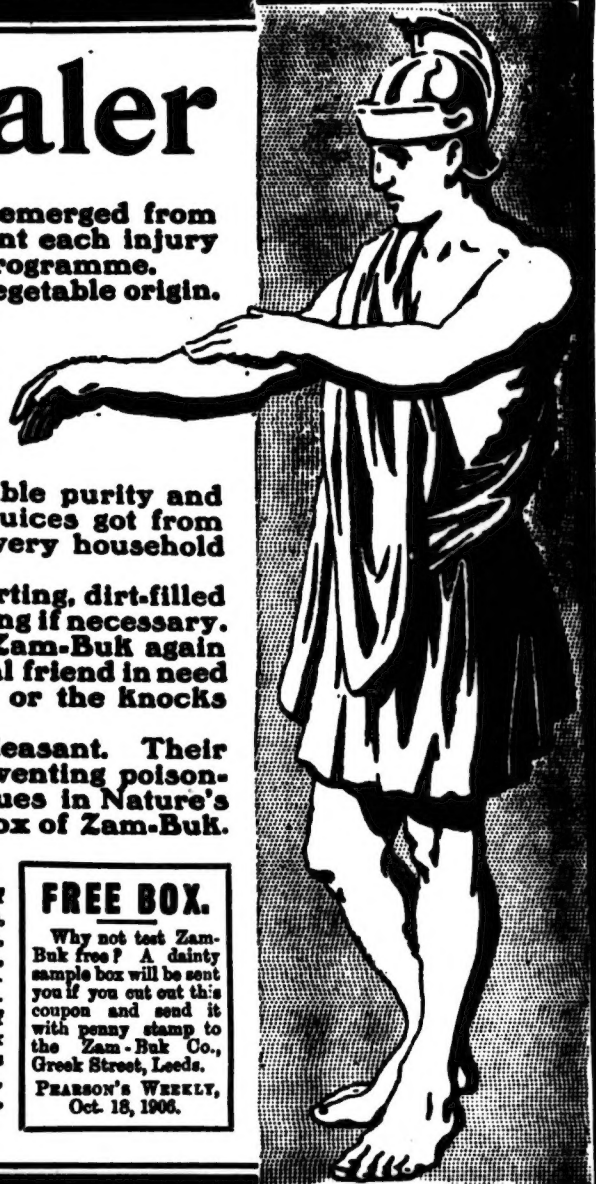
Zam-Buk

"Rub it in"

Zam-Buk is unfailing in cases of cuts, scalds, burns, sprains, scratches, bruises, festering sores, blood-poisoning, eczema, scalp sores, ulcers, bad legs, diseased ankles, piles, abscesses, pimples, psoriasis, poisoned wounds, ringworm, and all injuries to or diseases of the skin. All chemists sell Zam-Buk in 1/1½ or 2/9 boxes (2/9 size contains nearly four times as much as the 1/1½), or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C.

FREE BOX.

Why not test Zam-Buk free? A dainty sample box will be sent you if you cut out this coupon and send it with penny stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds. PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Oct. 18, 1906.



CROUP "No Anxiety"

My little girl with a bad cough which got worse after the various preparations tried. After the first day of Scott's Emulsion her cough was much looser and had not that hollow sound.

It is cured, her chest is strengthened,

is very bony-looking and rosy.

It is marvellous what Scott's

Emulsion has done for her.

R. Fowler, Barton

Wing, Thurston,

77, Suffolk,

October 4th,

1905.

by the original, perfected and exclusive

Scott process. This is why Scott's Emulsion has the

power to heal and strengthen when every other form of cod

liver oil and every other cod liver oil emulsion fail.

Send for free trial bottle and "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CHILD"

(enclose 4d. for postage and name this paper) to SCOTT & BOWNE,

Ltd., 10-12, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

Yorkshire Relish

No matter what your meat—fowl, flesh or fish—Add but this Relish—'tis a lordly dish!

"P.W." COUPON.
A capital codling book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from a Yorkshire Relish Bottle. Address—Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

THE
DAILY
EXPRESS,
LONDON'S
BEST
&
BRIGHTEST
HALFPENNY
MORNING
NEWSPAPER.

To all Users of Postal Orders

Carefully note the number printed at the top of all Postal Order Counterfoils, and keep your eye on "TIT-BITS." "TIT-BITS" is buying Postal Order Counterfoils, and yours may be worth £100. For thousands of others Guinea Prizes and Beautiful Gifts will be offered.

For details of this remarkable scheme see . . .

'TIT-BITS'

the greatest of all weekly papers.

Published Every Thursday.

N.B.—The Price is still only ONE PENNY.

P.W. Automatic Letter Box



Yet another record has been established by *Pearson's Weekly* so far as competitions are concerned. As you will see in the announcement on page 254, the Football Competition closes in a fortnight's time, which means that £500 in prizes will be awarded in a contest which runs for only five weeks. The total number of pictures to solve is only thirty. In no prize competition ever held has so large a sum been offered for so small a task. Readers who have not yet started can do so at once by obtaining the necessary two back numbers, either through their newsagent, or from the publisher at these offices.

TENANT is puzzled. "For the last two years," he says, "I have been living in a house that seems to have no landlord. I took the place from an agent who has since moved away, leaving no particulars beyond the fact that the owner of the place lives 'somewhere in London.' I spoke about the case to another agent, who expressed willingness to take the money on behalf of its owner 'whenever he should turn up.' Had I better pay him? It would be very awkward if the landlord came one day and I had paid nothing."—Your best plan, TENANT is to lodge the rent in a bank ready for the real owner, if he ever turns up, and can prove his rights. On no account pay the sum to anyone else, as you will be running the risk of having to pay it again.

HARRY writes: "I am dark, and, of course, should marry a girl with fair hair. But I have never come upon any one of that colour whom I feel I could love. I have recently met a girl who is as dark as I am, and I positively adore her, and should be absolutely miserable without her. Do you think that the fact of our not being opposites in colour is an insurmountable barrier to our marriage?"—Of course I don't, HARRY. If it comes to a disagreement between Cupid and colour my sympathies are entirely with Cupid. The notion of dark marrying fair may be a good theory, but you would be very unwise to let it wreck your happiness. Marry the girl, HARRY, by all means. Thanks; I don't charge for my advice, but you might send me a bit of the wedding-cake.

Those who send papers through the post would do well to inscribe on the front left side of the wrapper their own name and address, prefaced by the word "From." I am led to suggest this as I am continually receiving from the Dead Letter Office copies of *P.W.* which have been sent by one reader to another, and which have failed for some reason or other to reach their destination. There is one reader in particular who sends to a soldier friend at St. Lucia, in the West Indies. Apparently the regiment moved to the Royal Engineers' Depot at Chatham, where the paper was sent by the Post Office people, who since then seem to have lost track of it, as the papers have come back to me marked "Insufficiently addressed." The little incident is annoying to the sender, because he has no knowledge that the paper has not been delivered; it is annoying to the man who should have received it, because he probably regards his friend as neglecting him, and it is annoying to us to know that at least one person in this world has been made unhappy by the non-receipt of his copy of *P.W.* All this might be easily avoided by the sender putting his own address on the back of the wrapper.

J. S. writes:

"In a recent issue of your paper I find an article thus: 'What it Means to be a British Consul.' From personal experience I fear they do not all act for the benefit of British merchants. I can give you a case in point which I have had in Holland with a firm there. This firm wrote to me inquiring for samples of a certain article which I sent him, he promising to remit on receipt of goods if he gave an order. I sent him the necessary samples, against which he passed me an order. I forwarded the goods to his address, but I am sorry to say he proved a rascal and a thief, pure and simple.

"I could not get anything; consequently I wrote to the British Consul, as you name him. He simply gave me the name of a solicitor in the same city, who never made any effort to bring the same into court. I paid him four guineas. He simply wrote me the buyer was a bankrupt and had failed twice, and the only thing that could be done was to go over there personally, that a proxy would not do, and that he might get a week, or he might get a month's imprisonment.

"If the Consul had done what I considered he ought to have done on behalf of a British merchant, he would have taken the matter up himself and seen that the culprit was punished, and that a British merchant could be protected. Under the present consular system it is not worth the paper it is written on. I could give other cases where a British merchant is not protected, which prevents many a British merchant extending his business abroad. Consuls, in my opinion, are really of no benefit as far as protection to a British merchant is concerned."

I am sufficiently well disposed towards the British Consul to regard this as quite an exceptional instance of incapacity. But I am open to conviction. Has any other reader a similar tale to tell?

NEATMAN writes me asking why ladies should have the monopoly of pretty clothes. "Why should men have to wander about in dull greys and blacks, cut to a hard and fast stove-pipe style?" he asks. "Why shouldn't we have satin waist-bands and silk coats, and why should we not wear feathers, flowers, and jewels in our hats?"—I'm sure I don't know why you shouldn't, NEATMAN. There is no law stopping it that I know of. Take my advice. Drop conventionality. Rig yourself up in your silken attire and carry a fan, and don't forget to call at Henrietta Street. An editor's life is a dull and dreary one, and a little merriment enlivening it.

Is it rude to smoke when out walking with a lady? queries MANNERS.—Well, we are a good deal more tolerant in these matters than we used to be, MANNERS. Time was when smokers smoked only in the stable, and even then changed their clothes before appearing in a lady's presence. Nowadays we smoke with them, and they—some of them—smoke with us. Personally, I think there is something a little discourteous in the sight of a man puffing at a pipe when he walks the public streets with a lady; a cigarette, for some reason, does not look so bad.

A. V. W. wonders what it is like to be in a balloon. The giddiness must be awful, he says.—But it isn't. One of my staff, who has just been for a trip in a balloon, says the sensation is one of perfect calm. You do not feel that you are moving, because you are travelling at the same pace as the wind. And you do not feel dizzy, because it is only contact with the earth that induces dizziness at a great height. Looking down from a tremendous tower giddiness would be felt, because the tower joins you to the earth; but looking down from a balloon at the same or much greater distance no such feeling is experienced.

BASHFUL (Plymouth) is simply dying to give the young lady he is courting a kiss. The thought of offending her fills him with horror, so how is he to test her feelings in the matter.—I tell you this plan, BASHFUL, in strict confidence, because it is a very good plan, and should only be used by young men whose attentions are serious. When next you are alone with her turn the conversation on school-learning. Ask her if she learnt much English grammar; then say you have a catchy question for her. Verbs, you know, are "declined." Ask her if she can decline "a kiss." She will catch your meaning at once, and if a rosy blush suffuses her velvet cheek, and a merry smile parts her lips—well, there you are, BASHFUL.

HAROLD went out on his bicycle the other day after a shower of rain, had a side-slip, bent his left crank, and tore a new pair of trousers. He vows that in future he will only ride when the roads are dry.

—Well, you won't do much riding, HAROLD. Winter is coming on, and dry spells will be few. Take these tips to avoid side slips (the poetry is unintentional) and you will be able to ride safely in all weathers. First and foremost, ride with your tyres hard. A hard tyre cuts down through the slime and gets a purchase on firm road; a slack tyre spreads out, and therefore slips. Secondly, ride with the muscles of your legs "knit." A famous road-racing champion once told me that half the side-slips that occur would never happen if cyclists kept their legs braced for a sudden effort on either side, "and it steadies the machine," he said. Thirdly, ride at a fair pace; don't amble gingerly along.

HERE are two letters which may be answered together. DAD has been laughed at by some of his mates because last Sunday they saw him, while out with his wife, wheeling his infant daughter in the pram; MAN'S RIGHTS thinks he has a right to put his foot down and refuse when his wife asks him to wheel the baby while they are out together. "It is a woman's place to do that," he says, "not a man's."

—I always had an idea that it was a man's place to help his wife, but perhaps I am old-fashioned. To my mind one of the prettiest sights is to see a young mother proudly and lovingly wheeling her child, and I don't think a man looks peculiarly beautiful when he is performing the feat. But he does not look silly, and if his wife gets tired he should certainly relieve her, thereby winning the respect of all sensible people. As for DAD, my advice to him next time he is chaffed is to say to one of the chaffers who has a dog, "You take out your dog; I take out my little girl. If there's nothing funny in you and your fox terrier, I don't see there's anything funny in me and my daughter."

H. K. is "doing well in a small way," and lives in a small provincial town. He has two boys, whom he will soon be sending to school, and that is just where the difficulty arises. Would H. K. be wise to let his boys go to the "Board school," or shall he and his wife send them to a private day school, which, by a little scraping, they could just afford?

—Save your money and be sensible, H. K. Where Board schools are in rough districts it is perhaps as well, for those parents who can, to send their children elsewhere. But in the country this does not apply. Home-influence will counteract the evils

of any possible bad examples, and Board-school education is the best obtainable. It is mere snobishness or silly prejudice which makes the usual of parents, ill able to afford it, pay heavy school fees. Do you know that the Duke of Sutherland's children went to their village school? So did Mr. Lloyd-George's, and so did Dr. Macnamara's. What was good enough for his Grace and for a Cabinet Minister and for an educational expert should be all right for the rest of us, eh?

The following amounts have come to hand for the Fresh Air Fund since the last list was published:

D. F. Moore, 5s.; W. P. 6s.; In Imitation of Marie, 9d.; M. N. C., 2s.; H. W. S., 9d.; P. Warrington, 3s.; Mrs. V. E. Matcham, 8s. 3d.; Gwendolyn Ladler, 3s.; Capt. O. A. T. Mason, 3s.; Don, Dot, and Stan, 2s. 6d.; Civic Club, 2s. 3d.; A Manchester Girl, 2s.; Excelsior, 2s. 6d.; W. H. S., 2s.; J. S. Goodman, 2s.; A. G. Banco, 5s.; W. G. B., 2s.; E. L. Mackenzie, 3s.; Miss E. C. May, 5s. 6d.; E. E. M., 1s. 6d.; In Imitation of Marie, 9d.; A Friend, 3s.; J. G., 2s. 6d.; M. Watson, 9d.; Found in Grand Theatre, 1s.; 1s. 4d.; Anon., 2s.; M. G. May, 5s. 6d.; York-shire, 2s. 11d.; Houghton, 2s. 17s. 6d.; R. G. Ellis, 3s. 9d.; Mrs. N. 10s.; E. A. R., 5s.; Lucky Jim, 1s.; Mrs. Scott R. 2s. 6d.; H. Port, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Sheerness, 12s. 6d.; Lexa and Donald, 2s. 3d.; Ada, 5s.; A. Brown, 2s. 5s. 8d.; 1s. 2s. 6d.; The New Vav, 1s. 6d.; M. P., 1s.; H. 1s.; 9d.; In Imitation of Marie, 9d.; Mrs. and Mrs. M. 8s.; Mr. and Miss Stonell, 7s.; G. S. Tomkinson, 9s. 8d.; 1s.; "Jof," Bournemouth, 1s.; C. W. G., 10d.; Mrs. J. 5s.; Doris and Alex, 1s.; The Widow's Mite, 2s.; Miss F. 9d.; George and Maggie Miles, 3s.

COLLECTED: Result of Bazaar arranged by Misses Dolly Longstaff, Lucy Marshall, and Lizzie Dickenson, 1s. 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Grisdale, 5s.; J. C. Burton, 2s. 16s. 1d.; W. J. Nottingham, per H. Seely Whitby, 2s. 1s.; Mrs. Hawtin, 1s.; Toy Colony Bazaar arranged by Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. P. Modridge, Mrs. John Foster, and Mrs. R. Gibson, 2s. 9s.; Some Wessington Mine Guards, 8s.; J. Mason Barker, 2s. 4s.; Henderson, 5s. 8d.; G. B. Trudd, 4s.; Mrs. Andrews, 2s. 3d.; Jacky and Baby, 10s.; Mrs. Lidstone, 4s.; Kathleen Thompson, 2s. 3d.; Winkle, 3s. 6d.; Midland Railway Servants, 2s.; Buffaloes in Gibraltar, 2s. 5s.; Mrs. Miles, 10s.; G. Edmunds, 17s.; M. J. Withlade, 2s. 6d.; M. M., 6s. 11d.; L. and N.W. Parcells Office, Willesden, per T. Polking, 11s. 10d.; Mrs. Grover's little Boy, 10s.; Mrs. F. M. Shepherd's Workroom, 5s.; Mrs. A. G. Voss and Miss Brown, 1s. 11d.; Steel, 10s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; H. Robertson, 2s. 4d.; Signal Staff of H.M.S. *Leviathan*, per H. Donnell, 2s. 1s.

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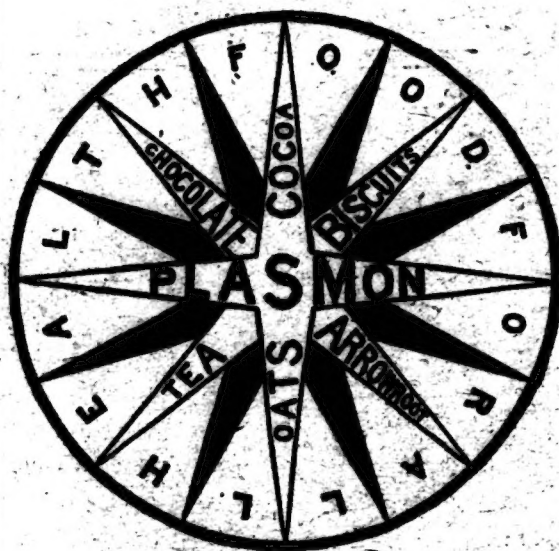
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